

THE
LADIES' MUSEUM.

JULY, 1829.

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND.

NOTHING contributes more to the preservation of a healthy intellect among ourselves than an acquaintance with the literature of other countries. Its merits are soon appreciated, and the more familiar we are with the works of foreigners the less likely we are to imitate their faults. From France we have always borrowed pretty freely, but it was not until lately that our literati sought among the mental resources of Germany for instructive facts and novel ideas. Of Goethe every one knows more or less, but with the name and writings of Wieland few are sufficiently intimate. "Oberon" has its admirers, but of its distinguished author too little has hitherto been known in this country.

Wieland was born at Oberholzheim, a village near Biberach, in Swabia, on the 5th of September, 1733. His father, a clergyman of the place, a man of varied erudition, and well read in the ancient languages, began to superintend the instruction of his son as soon as he had attained his third year. The rapidity of the young student's advances equalled the zeal of his teacher; for at seven years old he read Cornelius Nepos with pleasure, and at thirteen Virgil and Horace with as much ease as his father himself. His inclination to poetry developed itself very early. "From my eleventh year," says he, in a letter to Gellert, "I was passionately fond of poetry. I wrote a mass of verses, chiefly little operas, cantatas, and ballets, in the style of Brockes. I used to rise for that purpose at day break, not being allowed to write verses during the day. I was fond of solitude, and used to spend whole days and summer nights in the garden, feeling and describing the beauties of nature."

The idea even of an epic poem, "that *first* infirmity of noble minds," on the subject of the destruction of Jerusalem, occurred to him at that early age, and the work was actually commenced. It appears, however, to have been laid aside, and was probably committed to the flames by Wieland himself along with most of these productions of his childhood.

At fourteen he was removed to a public school at Klosterberg, where he imbibed a kind of religious enthusiasm which was subsequently modified by very opposite studies. In 1750 he returned to his native town, and at this period commenced an attachment

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B

which gave birth to his first poem ; for love and poetry are always closely allied. Sophia von Guttermann, (afterwards known in German literature under the name of Sophia de la Roche, as the author of the *History of Miss Sternheim*, and *Melusina's Summer Evening*), a young lady of amiable character and distinguished talents, was the subject of his youthful passion. She was two years older than himself, a great advantage on the side of the lady, who had to do with a young and susceptible enthusiast. Wieland's love for her at that time seems to have been reverential, his admiration a species of idolatry, and her influence over him was consequently unbounded. That the lady shared his feelings, though with more reserve and less of illusion, we cannot doubt. The strong emotion with which in her account of her visit to Wieland, in Osmanstadt, forty-nine years afterwards, she describes her feelings while listening to the notes of his harpsichord, and retraces their early meetings by the solitary church-yard of St. Martin, proves the original strength of that feeling which had thus lived unimpaired in the memory for half a century. Thus situated, poetry was the natural channel in which Wieland's emotions were likely to vent themselves, and the first of that long series of works by which the author has added so much to the literature of his country, was the result of one of those conversations with his mistress, in which the enamoured poet had poured out, with his native eloquence, the visions of universal perfection which then floated before his imagination.

He had been listening to a sermon of his father, on the text "God is Love." The discourse was well written and well reasoned, but to the son every thing appeared far too cold, and he could not help thinking how very differently,—how much more warmly and convincingly,—he would have treated the subject. In the evening, as he walked with his mistress, their conversation turned on the text of the day, and, full of his system, Wieland broke out into a stream of enthusiastic eloquence in its exposition, which astonished Sophia—and, perhaps, himself. "I spoke," says Wieland, in his account of the matter afterwards to Bodmer, "of the destination of men and of spirits, of the dignity of the human soul, and of eternity. Never in my life had I been so eloquent. I did not forget to place a large portion of the happiness of spirits in the enjoyment of heavenly love." The order of this oration, however, Wieland himself admits was rather more lyrical than logical, and the lady, though quite convinced at the time, expressed a wish to see the argument committed to paper. All at once the idea occurred to Wieland, that the theory could only be

properly embodied in verse, and a poem *On the Nature of Things* was immediately resolved on. It was begun in Feb. 1751, at Tübingen, and finished in April.

From the pursuit of love, however, he now turned to the dry details of law, but his heart was not in the science; and poetry, philosophy, and history, the literature of foreign nations and of his own, engrossed the time which should have been devoted to the code.

Becoming known to Bodmer, who lived in the environs of Zurich, he was invited to his villa, and while resident there he produced several poetical works of great value. But there runs through his early poems a spirit of mysticism—an enthusiastic tendency to represent the world very different from what it really is. His devotional feelings carry him far beyond the rational estimate of things, and he affected to pity the man who could not admire, for its composition, the most unpoetical hymn in preference to the sonnets of Petrarch and the heroics of Homer.

In 1760 he received an appointment in the council of his native town, and the duties of his new office, though irksome and dry, were favourable to the increase of his knowledge of mankind; while the translation of Shakspeare, which now engaged his attention, tended still further to render his literary talents more comprehensive and tolerant. But, perhaps, the first strong shock which his former opinions received was on the side of affection. He had left his mistress in 1750, with feelings, the vivacity of which seemed to have increased with absence. He found her, on his return to Biberach, in 1760, a wife and a mother. Of the circumstances which had led to this step, Wieland's biographers give no very satisfactory explanation, nor shall we trouble our readers with the discussion. The fault, we are sorry to say, appears to have been on the side of the lady. Her husband, La Roche, had been attached to the person of Count Stadion, the Minister of the Elector of Mentz. This venerable nobleman, now seventy-two years of age, had settled at Warthausen, a village in the neighbourhood of Biberach. Circumstances again threw Wieland into the society of La Roche and his wife, and they met as friends who had parted as lovers. Of the particulars of their first meeting we know nothing. Years afterwards Wieland could afford to make it the subject of one of his ironical pictures; but at the time he probably felt it to be no matter for mirth. How many occurrences are there in life at which we can bear to smile fourteen years afterwards, the seriousness of which we have at the time attested by our tears.

When we look, in a mere literary point of view, at the long file of romances and poems which, amidst the irksome duties of his public office, Wieland poured out during his residence at Biberach, we cannot refuse our admiration to the depth of information and variety of talent which they display. Equally at home in the field of ancient mythology, the academic groves of Athens, the land of fairy, or the region of chivalry and romance, learning, humour, feeling, and fancy, succeeded each other, with an ever-changing and delightful rapidity. No one seems to have penetrated more deeply into the spirit of ancient philosophy, to have depicted more clearly the shades of distinction between different sects, to have clothed these more perspicuously in the conversational style of *modern* times, or to have caught more completely the tone of simple and reposing elegance which we meet with in Xenophon or Plato.

The society of Biberach, which, in one of his letters to Gessner, he denominates his Kamschatka, it may easily be imagined afforded little amusement to Wieland, and drove him almost necessarily to composition as his only relief from the duties of his office. "I confess to you," says he, in writing to Gessner, (29th August, 1766,) "I sometimes wonder at my own whimsical destiny, that delighting, as I do, in the social and friendly intercourse of life, I should be thus hopelessly sequestered from all intercourse with society. But the society in which I sometimes play at ombre here is about as well suited for me as that of the beasts in Paradise was for Milton's Adam. What a happiness could we live together in the same place! But let me think no more about it."—"You will wonder, perhaps, how, amidst my official duties, I find time for such troublesome pastimes as this Idris, of which I send you the three first cantos. It is easily accounted for, however. I see little company, and trouble myself as little about the affairs of this little, paltry, unimprovable corporation of Biberach, as I do about that of San Marino. At home I am quiet and happy, with little to distract me; so I have leisure enough, and I devote it to the muses."

Wieland's home was, indeed, a happy and contented one. Like Milton's Adam, to whom he alludes above, he had provided himself with a helpmate in 1765, an amiable woman, the daughter of a merchant of Augsburg. Nothing affords a more favourable picture of the lady, or of Wieland's own mind, than his letters on the subject to Zimmerman, Riedel, and Gessner. In this union, Wieland himself says, he experienced for the first time true and lasting happiness. Of his wife he constantly speaks in the most

endearing terms. She is described as mild, affectionate, domestic, and unassuming,—though she was neither a beauty nor a bel-esprit, and had never even read a page of her husband's works. Nine years of Wieland's life thus rolled peaceably by at Biberach, while his name was already celebrated in every corner of Germany.

From this peaceful seclusion he was called to fill the chair of philosophy at Erfurt, and was subsequently promoted to the situation of tutor to the children of the young duke of Weimar. In the mean time he had produced several works, poetical, philosophic, and political, and after his appointment he continued to pour out the riches of his mind in dramas and romances. Twenty-five years of his life thus rolled away. His family now amounted to nine children, but the economy of his habits had secured him wealth, and at sixty-four he purchased Osmanstadt, a villa near Weimar. It is in this retirement that Wieland appears to the most advantage. Here the native goodness and candour of his character, his anxiety to love and be beloved of all, appears in an almost patriarchal light.

But these peaceful avocations were unfortunately to be disturbed by some of those trials from which no human contentment is exempted. Some of these arose from literary causes, others from domestic misfortunes. The French revolution unfortunately placed Wieland in the situation of a person obnoxious to both political parties in Germany. Like many other great and good men, he had at first hailed the dawn of freedom, and believed in the reality of many of those dreams of improvement which it had held forth, and had expressed these feelings with his native warmth and openness. But as the scene began to darken, and an anarchy, more fearful than anything which had preceded it, replaced that arbitrary authority, against which his spirit of freedom had revolted, he withdrew from the ranks of republicanism, and, both by precept and example, endeavoured to repress that insane spirit of revolution which was gaining ground in Germany. Thus he was exposed to the alternate abuse of both parties. One by one his friends were falling around him. Gleim and Klopstock were no more. The amiable grandchild of his friend La Roche, Sophia Brentano, who had long been resident in his family, and for whom Wieland felt the affection of a daughter, died of consumption, and his wife, with whom he had spent thirty-five happy years, soon followed her to the grave.

As if to complete "the ills that wait on age," the state of his fortune now obliged him to part with this residence, in which he

had hoped to close the evening of his days. His crops failed, and, to avoid diminishing the fund which he wished to leave for his family, he resolved to part with his purchase, and to return to Weimar. Perhaps his regret was diminished by the consciousness that more than one of those who had contributed to render that home a happy one had been taken from him, and that Osmanstadt could never be to him again what it formerly had been ; for now his house was left unto him desolate. It was not, however, without a struggle that he quitted it. He left it in spring, when his trees and flowers were beginning to put forth their new verdure ; and before he went he walked through its green avenues, revisited his familiar trees, and shed some natural tears on the graves of his wife and his adopted daughter, in their quiet resting-place by the banks of the Ilm.

In 1809 he had an interview with Napoleon, and was treated by the Emperor of the French with marked respect. His career, however, was now drawing to a close ; in 1811 he sustained a considerable injury in consequence of the fall of his carriage, and such was the debilitated state of his frame that he sank under a sudden fit of illness in 1813, aged eighty-one.

WEDDED LOVE.

YE powers, who taught my artless sighs
A kindred heart to gain,
Teach me that blessing still to prize,
And as I prize, maintain :
Let kind attention, pleasing care,
O'er all my thoughts preside ;
Let love in ev'ry glance appear,
And ev'ry action guide.

If e'er a cloud of peevish spleen
Our brighter hours o'ercast,
Let fancy quickly shift the scene
To fond endearments past :
O'er ev'ry joy our breasts have felt
Let faithful memory rove,
And teach the hard'ning heart to melt
At recollected love.

Thus ev'ry flow'r that form'd the wreath
Of Hymen's festive chain,
Uninjured fragrance still shall breathe,
And ev'ry charm retain :
Thus while our hearts delighted prove
Our envied bliss secure,
We'll boast the joys of wedded love,
As permanent as pure !

W.

TRAVELS IN TURKEY.*

THE aspect of affairs on the Danube renders every thing appertaining to Turkey doubly interesting: the hostile arms of Russia threaten to overrun that "fairest portion of the globe;" and the very superstition of the Mussulman may serve to accelerate the downfall of his country. He has credited the prophecy which announces his destruction at the hands of yellow-haired infidels; and the political and religious institutions of the kingdom are such as to lead rational men to believe that Turkey is on the verge of a revolution.

The sudden rise of this strange power on the confines of Christendom is amongst those things which have long perplexed the philosophy of historians: at the time, the event was regarded as somewhat supernatural; and, for centuries, prayers were offered up in our churches obtesting Heaven to protect us against Moslem fury. The religion of the Turk made him a fanatic; and his fanaticism rendered him formidable. Fortunately the invention of gunpowder, and the bravery of Charles Martel, saved Europe from their domination; and from the moment science usurped, in the business of war, the place of brute force, the Porte has existed as an independent power more in consequence of Christian policy than Christian fears. It is questionable, however, if either the indifference or the friendship of European states can preserve Turkey much longer from that internal decay which has fastened on her vitals.

Owing to the terror which they once inspired, and the barbarism which has latterly characterized them, very little has hitherto been known, with accuracy, of the real disposition and manners of the Turks. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was one of the first who attempted to describe their domestic manners; and although subsequent travellers have affected to enter into details respecting these people, our stock of real information has been extremely scanty. Dr. Walsh's recent work is valuable as to statistics, but the volumes before us are decidedly the most interesting which have ever appeared on the state of society at Constantinople and in the adjoining provinces. Mr. Madden has been sojourning in the east for some years past: he visited it through a spirit of curiosity; and his profession of medicine, for he is a physician, afforded him opportunities of acquiring peculiar information. He was not attached to any embassy, neither was he in a situation which commanded respectful attention from

* Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine. By R. R. Madden, Esq. M. R. C. S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829, Colburn.

the civil authorities of Turkey; but, like other unprotected strangers, he was compelled to endure a variety of fortune. "It has been," he says, "my fate to have been taken for a spy in Syria—to have endangered my life in Candia, for refusing to administer poison—to have been shot at in Canea twice, and once on the Nile, by Turkish soldiers—to have been accused of changing the fragments of a broken statue into gold at Thebes—to have been charged with sorcery in Nubia, for showing an old woman her own frightful image in a pocket mirror—and to have been a captive with Greek pirates, for wearing a long beard, when taken in a vessel bearing Turkish property."

These vicissitudes increased his opportunities of making observations, and he seems to have been diligent in his calling of noting down all he had seen. It is not our purpose, however, to follow him in his travels: we shall limit our inquiries to the state of society at Constantinople, and, indeed, this portion of his work is by far the most valuable and interesting. "I have," he says, "seen much of Turkish manners in Turkish habitations; but as Herodotus, in treating of the worship of the Egyptian, was restrained, by a religious awe, from disclosing the secrets of the sanctuary, so decorum allows me only to describe, in the *penetralia* of the harem, what is fit to reach the ear, and, perhaps, a little less than met the eye. It has been my fortune to have attended, for many months past, on the *harems*, both of the upper and lower classes; and amongst the latter, I was surprised to find no dearth either of luxury or loveliness.

"In the harem of a pipe manufacturer, who keeps a stall in the *bazaar*, I was ushered into an apartment furnished with costly carpets and richly covered divans. I expected to find nothing but misery, and every thing was splendid. Amongst the fair inmates of the harem, I could distinguish the pale Circassian from the languid Georgian, and the slender Greek from the voluptuous Ottoman. My skill and patience were exercised on all of them; though, in reality, only one required my assistance. She was a poor *Sciote* girl, who had been lately bought by her present master; and who could not have paid less than three hundred dollars for her. All the pipes in the man's stall appeared not to be worth fifty; but how the Turks manage to maintain their harems I never could learn. When you ask a Moslem, he says, 'God is great;' and great, indeed, must be the bounty which enables a pipe-maker to feed and clothe six times as many women as would be sufficient, in England, to send a mechanic to the workhouse.

"The poor Sciote girl was not yet reconciled to slavery. She wept when I tried to encourage her with the hope of getting better. I believe recovery was all she dreaded; and that she would have preferred death to the infamy of being the mistress of a Moslem. She appeared to be kindly treated; her master spoke gently to her, and her companions gave her comfort: but slavery, after all, is a bitter draught; and the poor creature who has been torn from her country and her friends, and perhaps, in the first instance, made the mistress of her father's murderer, extending her detestation of the race of her undoer to every Moslem. While the Turk imagined she was speaking of her complaint, she was importuning me to prevail on her master to dispose of her, and to entreat of some Christian to redeem her: I consented to do every thing in my power for her. Her health was certainly impaired, and it required no great sacrifice of truth, to represent her condition to her master as attended with much danger.

"Eventually he determined on selling her before her value diminished more; and shortly after my first visit she was once more exposed at the *bazaar*. I sent my droguedman, who was a Greek, among his countrymen, to endeavour to find some one to purchase the poor girl; an Ionian captain was at length prevailed on to pay half the purchase money, the remainder was raised by subscription; and through the medium of a Turkish broker (for no Frank is allowed to visit the slave market, or to purchase slaves) she was redeemed.

"About three weeks after I first saw her, she was aboard the Ionian vessel, amongst her own country people, delighted with the expectation of once more seeing her home. Never was there a being in such ecstasy at regaining liberty. The little schooner, in which she was embarked, seemed too small to contain her; 'the sickness of the heart,' which ariseth from hope deferred, had disappeared, as if by magic! and the downcast slave, whose spirit a few days ago seemed depressed with sorrow, now stood before me in all the exultation of liberty, a regenerated being. I never felt before how much happiness one can bestow for a few paltry dollars!"

As the state of society in every country might be accurately inferred from the condition of the females, Dr. Madden very properly commences his account of things at Constantinople with a description of the harem. "The Turks," he says, "have long been accustomed to choose their wives from the fairest women of Georgia and Circassia, and, latterly, of Greece; as beauty is the

only quality required, it may be well imagined that lovelier women are nowhere to be found, and more beauteous children nowhere to be seen. On my first visit to a *harem* they were always veiled, and the pulse was even to be felt through the medium of a piece of gauze; but, subsequently, whether I inspired confidence by sedateness, or deference to my orders by firmness of manner, I know not, but my fair patients usually submitted to inspection with a good grace, and, in the absence of the husband, even laughed and jested in my presence. Some, who called me 'dog' at the first interview, and did every thing but spit upon me, became familiarized with the presence of an infidel, and often made me presents of embroidered handkerchiefs and purses. They asked me the most ridiculous questions about the women of my country, 'If they were let to go abroad without a eunuch; if they could love men who wore hats; if we drowned them often; if they went to the bath every week; if they *sullied* or washed their elbows; if I was married, and how many wives I had;' and sometimes the husband was even present at the conversation, and condescended to laugh with pity, when he heard that English ladies walked unveiled, and that it was unusual to have more than one at a time for a wife; but what seemed to create the greatest horror of all, was the disuse of those lower garments, which are indispensable to Turkish ladies.

"They never seemed to feel they suffered any constraint in remaining at home; they appeared gay and happy; they embroidered, played a rude sort of spinet, and sang interminable songs; but whether the music of their voices or of the spinet was most appalling to a Christian ear it would be difficult to say. They certainly are the loveliest women in the world, so far as the beauty of the face is regarded; but their persons are so little indebted to dress for the preservation of shape, that I very much question the correctness of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's remark on the *peculiar* attraction of the Turkish form. Their beauty is particularly delicate, and the paleness of their features and transparency of their fair complexions are delightfully contrasted with the darkest hair, and with eyes as soft and black as the gazelle's. The larger the latter are the better; and the more arched the eyebrow, either by art or nature, the more captivating they deem themselves; but the bath, though it smooth the skin, and soften the complexion, in course of time prejudices their beauty.

"Where personal charms are all that make a woman valuable, it is to be supposed that every care is taken to heighten them:

cosmetics are used in abundance ; they tinge their eyelids with a metallic powder, which the Turks call *surme*, and the Egyptians *kohol*. They smear a little ebony rod with this, apply it to the eyelids, which they bring in contact, and squeezing the rod between them, a small black line is left to the edge of either lid, which adds greatly to the beauty of the long eyelashes, and, by its relieve, to the brilliancy of the eye.

“The vulgar frequently rouge ; but I have seldom seen fashionable women use paint, except on their lips. Various amulets are worn on the neck. The sheik of the districts sells charms by wholesale ; one is to make a lady fat, another fruitful ; one is to keep off the evil eye, which is always to be apprehended, when a stranger extols the size or strength of their children ; another to keep the *shitan*, or devil, out of the house.

“I have been teased to death for fattening firtres, and fertilizing potions ; I have heard serious disputes between the slender and the robust, the barren and the prolific : it is not to be wondered at, for a woman has no honour or respect until she prove a mother ; and a young wife has little chance of eclipsing the competitors for her husband’s favour, till she is ‘beautifully fat.’ Notwithstanding the size of these women, they are graceful in their movements, easy, and even elegant in their manners ; and, strange as it may appear, I often thought there was as much elegance of attitude displayed in the splendid arm of a Turkish beauty, holding her rich *chiboque*, and seated on her Persian carpet, as even in the form of a lovely girl at home, bending over her harp, or floating along with the music of the waltz. The female apparel is superb, and certainly becoming : there is a profusion of gaudy colours, but well disposed ; and the head is constantly decked with all the fair one’s diamonds and pearls.

“They are always in full dress. A turban I never saw ; the hair is commonly plaited, in an embroidered piece of gauze, around the head, and falls in rich profusion to the waist, and often much lower, and is then fastened with little gold knobs, in great numbers.

“The apartments of the *harem* are generally the most spacious, and those of the higher classes are surcharged with tawdry decorations. The ceilings are daubed in fresco ; the pannels and cornice are gilt : in the walls there are various nooks, with Moorish carvings, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, serving for boudoirs, &c.”

The confinement to the walls of the harem is by no means so close as most people suppose : the women visit one another frequently, and once a-week they revel in the bath, which is the

Italian Opera of Constantinople. Dr. Madden dissents from Lady Mary Wortley Montague's description of the bath. Intrigue is not frequent: the detection of a single imprudent act is followed by death. The Turkish wife, however, is supremely happy compared with that portion of her sex which is less fortunate. In the slave bazaar are constantly exposed for sale miserable females from Africa, Asia, and even Europe. An Abyssinian beauty brings thirty pounds, while a black woman sells for sixteen pounds. No Christian is allowed to visit this mart of human flesh, and our traveller obtained entrance in consequence of his profession. His description of the misery he witnessed is heart-rending. "The poor Greek women," he says, "were huddled together; I saw seven or eight in one cell, stretched on the floor, some dressed in the vestiges of former finery, some half naked; some of them were from Scio, others from Ips-ara; they had nothing in common but despair! All of them looked pale and sickly; and all of them appeared to be pining after the homes they were never to see again, and the friends they were to meet no more! Sickness and sorrow had impaired their looks; but still they were spectres of beauty; and the melancholy stillness of their cells was sadly contrasted with the roars of merriment which proceeded from the dungeons of the Negro women. No scene of human wretchedness can equal this: the girl who might have adorned her native village, whose innocence might have been the solace of an anxious mother, and whose beauty might have been the theme of many a tongue, was here subjected to the gaze of every licentious soldier, who chose to examine her features, or her form, on the pretence of being a buyer. I saw one poor girl of about fifteen brought forth to exhibit her gait and figure to an old Turk, whose glances manifested the motive for her purchase: he twisted her elbows, he pulled her ankles, he felt her ears, examined her mouth, and then her neck; and all this while the slave merchant was extolling her shape and features, protesting she was only turned of thirteen, that she neither snored nor started in her sleep, and that, in every respect, she was warranted."

She was purchased for fifty-five pounds, and, on being separated from her companions in sorrow, her anguish was extreme. Her new master, however, laughed at her grief, and, when led out of the bazaar, she trembled from head to foot. Such is a scene to be witnessed every day at Constantinople, and yet European powers will negotiate to preserve these wretches in the neighbourhood of civilization!

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. I.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT.

“GALLANT knight advance, and from our daughter’s hand receive thy meed of valour.”

Such were the words of the fourth Henry of France to the youth who had been pronounced victorious in the tournament. The truly great and princely soul of that mighty monarch was a stranger to mean and envious feelings. Though the knight he addressed, a young unknown Englishman, had vanquished in the tilt that now was drawing to a close the flower of his own chivalry, Henry hailed him conqueror, if not with feelings of the highest satisfaction, at least with the willingness of an impartial judge, who had witnessed and admired the astonishing feats of valour exhibited by the stranger youth.

The English knight advanced towards the beautiful Henrietta : with a throbbing heart he gazed on the princess, and, placing on the ground before her his helmet and victorious falchion, knelt to receive the guerdon he had won. With a trembling hand and a glowing cheek the princess presented to her champion (for though a stranger he had upheld her peerless charms) a superbly ornamented sword, and, in tones that thrilled through the soul of the English knight, addressed him :—“Thou hast won this weapon well, sir knight : I doubt not thou wilt wear it well. Let not dishonour stain it ; ever be it ready to protect the innocent, to punish the oppressor ; yet be it never drawn without a worthy cause.”

The knight pressed the weapon to his lips and to his heart, and, with a voice trembling with agitation, replied, “I will, as the soldier of my God, and the servant of my mistress, wear this weapon—I will guard it as a sacred and a glorious gage—I will wear it, lady, for honour’s sake and *thine* !”

The two last words were uttered in a scarcely audible tone ; yet neither they nor the expressive glance that accompanied them escaped the eye of the princess.

Though the most youthful competitor who had entered the lists, he had displayed no common skill, and though a stranger, and a sojourner for a few days only at the court, his weapon had been wielded in her praise. She had marked his unrivalled address in the conflict ; she had trembled to see him opposed to veteran knights, to such as she had been taught to deem invincible ; and now that, robed with conquest, he knelt at her feet, in all the blushing beauty of early manhood, and pressed to his heart, for *her* sake, the gift she had presented, her bosom

throbbed with unusual agitation ; but, mindful of her exalted birth, the proud spirit of her father, the firmness of the heroic race of the Capets, rallied within her, and with a composed air, and an almost haughty demeanour, that abashed and pained the youth, she received his acknowledgments.

The trumpets again sounded, the heralds proclaimed the termination of the tournament, and our hero and his esquire were about to retire to their hostel. A messenger from the king delivered them an invitation to the masqued ball that was to conclude the day's festivity. The bidding was, with due respect, accepted, and the knight retired to prepare for the evening's amusement.

"Truly, George, thou ralliest me sore ; prithee have mercy—I cannot now brook thy raillery. But come, let's be speedy, or we miss the opportunity of witnessing the entrance of the masques."

"France," replied the speaker's companion, with a lively smile, "has prevailed, and Spain must pay elsewhere her golden dower. Let's on, let's on, prince—sir knight I should have said—my 'squireship sits, I fear, but awkwardly upon me—let's on, a'God's name, sir knight ! for I trow you think

' That every fleeting hour is lost,
If not employed in love ! '"

With much similar trifling the friends (for the late obsequious esquire was now exalted into the playful intimate of the young English knight) proceeded to the palace. They were immediately ushered, by the pages in attendance, into the royal presence. His majesty, with his queen and the Princess Henrietta, were waiting to receive masques. The friends (for the knight introduced his companion as an equal, and a noble, though, from motives of friendship, he had in the morn performed the duties of an esquire) kissed the hands of Henry and his queen.

"How now, sir knight !" cried the king, with a smile, "are the manhood and chivalrous devotion, which this morning so distinguished your demeanour, faded with the sun ? are your English heroes less gallant in the bower than in the field ? Is not our daughter to receive the devoirs of her true and late victorious knight ?"

The youth, in a confused and hurried manner, excused his breach of gallantry as arising from a fear of offending the princess, and gracefully pressed to his lips the hand she had extended to him. After a short conversation with the knight, respecting the nature of his commission from King James of England to

the court of Spain, on his road whither he had made a short sojourn in the capital of France, the influx of visitors demanded Henry's attention.

It were irrelative to our story to tell what beauty and nobility assembled in the masque. Many a fair and high-born damsel smiled with complaisance on the gallant foreigner who had so nobly won the honours of the day; and many a hardy warrior clasped in amity his hand. But the youth joyed not in the light of beauty's smile, nor beat his bosom high to hear the praises of veterans and of nobles. *One* only feeling absorbed his pensive breast, as he gazed, with heedless unconcern, on the gay throngs around him. *That* feeling, *those* absorbing thoughts, centered in the beautiful Henrietta.

Often did *her* expressive glance invite him to become one of the royal party, yet he durst not join himself with her, fearful lest his feelings might betray him. With folded arms and down-cast eyes he stood *among*—yet not *of*—the careless groups that flitted before him. A sympathetic feeling seemed to possess the princess. The gallantries and attentions of the nobles of the royal party were disregarded, while her eyes wandered unconscious over the gay scene, and beamed, with fullest feeling, upon the unknown English knight.

“ In the festive scene they met,
Yet hearts like his, like her's, partook not
Aught of joy—their deep regret
Pleasure for a moment shook not.”

Often did he check, with a frown of sincere displeasure, the raillery of his volatile companion, whose merriment was irresistibly excited by the reserve and mental abstraction his friend could not conceal.

Availing himself of the confusion that, at intervals, prevailed, the young soldier escaped from his esquire, and, leaving the masque-room, paced alone the most retired walks of the garden that communicated with it. It was a calm and lovely night: the glimmering stars, whose soft and silvery light trembled through the foliage (that now was beginning to glow with the deeper tints of Autumn), on the green and flowery ground; the audible murmuring of the neighbouring cascades, the low plaint of the ring-dove, and the note of the distant nightingale, gave to the spot, where loitered the youth, an air of enchantment. The soft and refreshful breeze of the evening fanned his throbbing forehead, and composed, in some degree, his feverish restlessness and tumultuous feelings.

Reclining himself on a rustic seat, the youth gave way to reflections that naturally were excited by the singularity of his situation. "Villiers," he ejaculated, "thou hast acted toward me an unfriendly part, in pressing on me to become the lovely Henrietta's champion. I love her, I adore her, I will possess her! Yet must I not offend my father. His mind, too well I know, is set upon this alliance with Spain. Well, let my brother James, when he can boast more manhood, claim the Castilian princess as a bride, and secure to our family the golden dower my father so desires. Yet the articles are drawn, the compact signed, and daily I am expected at Madrid. Well, be it so; I am not to be sold by treaty; my heart, my love, my happiness, are not to be bartered for a gilded bait."

He had not long indulged his reverie, when a female form approached him, apparently without observing him. It was Henrietta! it was the princess! The youth sprang forward, and, with respect that savoured of impetuous joy, greeted the fair and wondering object of his solicitude.

"Sir knight, I did not think to meet thee here," she began, "yet had I marked thy absence, and feared thou wert unwell. I thought thou might'st have felt ill consequences of thy day's perilous exertion; and deem me not imprudent," she added, in a voice trembling with ill-suppressed emotion, "if I tell thee I could but feel anxiety at the thought that, on my account, thou suffered'st aught."

"Well might a warrior joy in direst perils that could wake in thy bosom a compassionate or kindred feeling," replied the raptured youth.

He strove to press to his lips her extended hand, but Henrietta waved him back, and rejoined, "Soldier, thou hast perilled thyself for me. Believe me, I am not ungrateful; yet dost thou err, if thou hast deemed that I have dared to entertain a thought of more than gratitude."

She could with difficulty finish these last words, while her ill-suppressed emotion showed that her reserve and cold expressions were assumed.

"But such is woman! mystery at best—

Seeming most cold when most her heart is burning,

Hiding the melting passions of her breast

Beneath a snowy cloud, and scarce returning

One glance on him for whom her soul is yearning.

Adoring, yet repelling—proud, yet weak—

Conquered, commanding still, enslaved, yet spurning—

Checking the words her heart would bid her speak,

Love raging in her heart, but vanished from her cheek!"

The princess resumed. "Methought I heard you tell my father you purposed journeying into Spain; do you return to Paris in your travel back? Think me not bold in questioning you thus. I have a packet to entrust you with, if you are not unwilling to take charge of it. It is a small tribute of respect and of esteem to the venerable abbess of the royal nunnery at Madrid, once my tutoress. If you will tell me when you leave, and if the trouble—"

"Trouble, princess!" interrupted the knight, "that word could not be meant; but oh, it tells me, were there any other to entrust it to, the *favour* had not been for me! Forgive me, lady, I ought not to address you thus. The object of my journey into Spain is, as I informed your royal father, to adjust matters for an alliance between the daughter of his majesty of Spain and Charles Prince of England. I must depart on the morrow, believe me, princess, with a heavy heart."

"Why should you sorrow, sir knight," rejoined Henrietta, "to leave a land of strangers? Your journey will doubtless be repaid by some fair and noble Spanish dame."

"Never! by heaven I swear, that not Spain's royal daughter's smile shall give me joy."

"Then thou already lovest, sir knight," replied the princess, while her cheek assumed a deeper tinge than it had hitherto worn.

"I *do* love, fondly, passionately love, and none—but thee!"

"Hold, hold, sir!" cried the princess, "another word of love and I leave thee. Though my hopes, my happiness, were at stake, I must not, dare not, hear of love from *thee*!"

"You must, you may—my birth, my rank, all claim equality with your's! I am—"

The explanation of the speaker was interrupted by the entrance of a band of masques. In an instant the Englishman was surrounded and made prisoner. The shriek of the princess smote on his ear as he was hurried from the spot.

* * * * *

"Bring in the prisoner," cried Henry, King of France, in a voice that struck terror to the hearts of all present.

The monarch was seated on a throne in the council chamber, surrounded by his nobles, who gazed on each other in silence. The frown that darkened the features of their sovereign was the index of the angry passions of his soul.

"Wretch!" cried he, as the young English knight was led, guarded, into his presence, "wretch! is this thy return for the

courtesy we have shown thee? Thus, meanly lurking at the midnight hour, hast thou sought to estrange from her father the affections of our daughter! Nay, shamelessly and treacherously hast forced her from us! This instant name the spot whither thou hast borne her—this instant say if thou hast dared profane, with impious hand, her sacred person, or by the God of my fathers my own hand shall do the headsman's office! Speak, or vile as thou art—unworthy as thou hast proved to die by such a blade, my own sword shall quiver in thy heart!"

"Prince," replied the youth, "thou hast seen me in the conflict—think not then thy menaces awaken in my breast one recreant fear. 'Tis not to 'scape thy wrath, I speak; but by the God that made me, by that Great Being who looks down on me and registers my oath, I am innocent—innocent of the charge you allege against me—innocent of indirection touching the princess!"

"Godemar de Launcy, stand forward!" cried the king, whose knitted brows and glaring eyes sufficiently evinced the belief he reposed in the assertions of the Englishman.

The nobleman thus summoned advanced, and, in the most distinct and positive manner, maintained his charge against the stranger. The substance of his evidence was, that, returning with some companions from a hunting excursion, his attention was attracted by a number of armed and masqued soldiers escorting a female, who seemed to be their prisoner. That female he soon discovered to be the princess. Himself and his companions attacked the masques, but, being few in number, only captured this Englishman, who seemed to command the party—the princess, in spite of all his efforts, was carried off by the ravishers.

The Englishman, who, during the evidence of de Launcy, had betrayed signs of great indignation, now burst into passionate exclamations of rage. "False, perjured villain! dost thou not feel a hell-fire upon thy conscience? when thou overtookest thine own myrmidons, didst not thou find me bound, my arms, and even my tongue, inhumanly fettered? were not thy companions, hunters as thou callest them, thy own hired bravos? did they not all obey thy beck? did they not congratulate the princess's captors on the success of their vile plot? When one of the villains loosed me, and another, with scurrilous and ribald tongue, reviled me, did not I fell him to the ground? and say, did not the slave shriek, when he felt my dagger's point, Godemar de Launcy's name, and cry that *thou* hadst brought him to his end? Speak,

villain of villains, raise thy hand to heaven, and make thy accusation; then will I fling thy charge back in thy teeth, will call thee liar, traitor to thy king and to thy God, and will maintain the charge in the ordeal of the single combat! Great monarch," continued the youth, addressing Henry, "I have no evidence of my innocence. A stranger, and unsupported by friends, I stand alone; but look in my face, and then on that crouching villain, and let thy princely soul make its decision. How could I, after the sojourn of a few short days, have procured a party sufficiently bold and adventurous to dare so perilous a deed? how could I, even if a band of such miscreants were at my beck, hope to escape from thy dominions with the prize?"

Henry gazed in silence upon the accuser and accused. At that instant the young Englishman's friend and *ci-devant* esquire was brought, guarded, into the royal presence. His appearance revived Henry's suspicions.

"Alone wast thou, Englishman?" he began, "see, we have now thy mate in villany. Fair are ye both in outward guise, but black and foul, I ween, in heart."

"King of France!" cried the English knight's companion, "make not accusations you cannot prove!"

"Insolent miscreant!" vociferated the infuriated Henry.

"Miscreant! I would not hear such words from my own monarch! Shall then an *apostate** brand me with opprobrium? Recal thy expressions, or, by the God that made me, England's embattled armies shall, ere the moon's wane, be at your gates!"

"And who art thou, rash boy, who darest thus chafe my wrath?" rejoined the king, whose anger had now partially abated.

"I am George, Duke of Buckingham, young in years, but old, thy own poor politics confess, in council.

"Ha! is it so?" replied the king, "then I have thee in the toils. Villiers! this is some scheme of thy base heart, some project of thy shallow brain, to bring dishonour on our royal name; and this thy knight, thy champion, to whom, as an humble squire, thou hast exercised a duty befitting thy low birth, say, who is he, an upstart, a minion, like thyself, of a weak-minded monarch?"

"Rave as thou wilt, King of France," rejoined Buckingham,

* Henry IV. though originally of the reformed religion, adopted the Roman Catholic faith. An anecdote is related that, on his triumphal entry into Paris, he exclaimed, in reference to this apostacy, "*Ventre St. Gris! Paris vaut bien une messe!*"

"then eat thine own expressions—this minion, this upstart, as thou callest him, is—"

"Villiers," interrupted the knight, "say no more, his majesty is deceived; do not lead him into further error, but endeavour to exculpate thyself; tell his majesty how, and by what fortune, thou becamest a prisoner. I know thou art fallen into difficulty by thy exertions on my behalf."

By this time the anger of the rash young English nobleman had subsided. He addressed himself to Henry. "Forgive, sir, the impetuous warmth that dictated the unworthy language I have held, and permit me to attempt to exculpate myself and my companion. At the conclusion of the masque I missed my friend. I sought him in the saloon and in the garden. While in search of him my attention was attracted by the noise of a scuffle, and by a faint shriek. I flew to the spot from whence the noise proceeded, and saw my friend surrounded by a band of armed masques. It were vain and idle to deny that the princess was there. Herself, with my countryman, was seized and bound; and, both being placed on horseback, were hurried from the place. Taking advantage of a horse which stood tied at the entrance of the garden I pursued the ravishers. For three hours I followed them at a short distance, on the road to Melun, within a league of which they were met by a company of horsemen, habited as hunters. The parties exchanged greetings, and my friend (for Buckingham may thus speak of that knight,) was released from his bonds."

"Hast thou had communication with thy friend, my lord duke?" inquired the king.

"How can your majesty make the inquiry?" replied Buckingham; "since his capture he has undoubtedly been closely guarded; and I knew not where he was till I met him in this chamber."

"Proceed, my lord," added his majesty.

The duke resumed. "The companies shortly after separated. My countryman was, as I have said, released, and given up to the party that had overtaken his escort, to be conducted, as I learned, a prisoner to Paris. As I found, from the communications of the parties, it was their intention to throw upon my friend the odium of the princess's abduction, I felt no immediate anxiety for his safety, aware that justice would eventually triumph over the machinations of the marauders. I therefore, without alarm, saw him depart for Paris, and continued to ob-

serve the princess, who, under a strong guard, still continued a contrary route."

"My lord of Buckingham," interrupted Henry, "couldst thou recognize the commander of either party?"

"Your majesty is aware," replied Villiers, "that in the brightest night appearances are deceptive. Yet, could I think so base a villain would gain the favour of the royal presence, I should fearlessly assert that the third man from your majesty commanded the troop that conducted my friend to Paris!"

"It is de Launcy!" ejaculated several nobles.

A look from the king checked their forwardness. Henry, who penetrated farther into the mystery than perhaps any other, concealed the effect the duke's explanation produced on his mind.

Buckingham resumed. "As I have observed, I followed the escort of the princess till we arrived at a chateau near Melun. Availing myself of my masque, which gave me the appearance of one of the party, I stole unperceived, or rather unnoticed, into the house. I saw the princess conducted into a private apartment, while her captors assembled in the hall, and gave a loose to merriment. I placed myself in a convenient spot near the princess's chamber, and soon saw her female attendants leave her. I immediately made myself known to her as the esquire of the English knight, who had that morning received from her hand the prize at the tournament, and succeeded in procuring her escape from the house. I placed her on my horse, which I had left at a distance, and, quitting the high-road, led her through woods and over heaths, in the direction, as I imagined, of Paris. Two hours after day-break we entered Fontainbleau, and I discovered my error with respect to the route I had pursued. Having communicated to the proper authorities of that place the secret of the princess's exalted birth, and left her under safe protection, I set out for Paris. On my arrival I was seized, and thrown into a dungeon, where, without food, and with damp straw for my pallet, I passed the night."

While Buckingham was speaking, a message from the queen was delivered to his majesty, purporting that the princess had returned under a strong escort, and attended by the chief magistrate of Fontainbleau.

The king immediately commanded her presence, and, descending from the throne, grasped the hand of Buckingham, and frankly entreated pardon for the expressions he had uttered. Taking from his neck the collar of the Order of St. Louis, he threw it over the young nobleman's shoulders, adding, "Will

the noble Buckingham accept this slight proof that my unjust suspicions were dictated only by the impulse of the moment? But," added he, "you have been ill-reported to us, my lord: I was not taught to expect in the Duke of Buckingham that disinterested and devoted heroism which has ennobled your exertions."

He had scarce spoken, when the queen entered, leading in the lovely and blushing Henrietta. The nobles present, including Buckingham and his friend, (for they had been, by the king's order, conducted to the seats occupied by the peers of France,) rose to receive them. Henry's paternal feelings overcame his wonted self-possession. He ran towards his daughter, and pressed her in silence to his bosom. Then re-ascending the throne, with the two royal dames at his feet, he addressed the nobles present:—

"My lords, I am sure you will all cordially join with me in expressions of gratitude and admiration of the conduct of the Duke of Buckingham and his friend. Equally illustrious in valour and true nobility, they have evinced themselves real knights, *sans peur et sans reproché!* As for *that* caitiff, that Godemar de Launcy, his own conscience, if it be not dead, and the contempt of all good men, be his portion and his punishment! Yet one word more," added the king. "Though I can but feel as must a father, at my daughter's providential rescue, I must thus publicly reprobate the forgetfulness of her dignity and sex that Henrietta has been guilty of, in thus seeking an interview with a stranger—and—" Henry checked himself, conscious that what he was about to add could but be painful to his beloved daughter, and discourteous to the two noble foreigners.

Buckingham gazed in silence on his friend; Henrietta, pale and weeping, would have sunk on the ground, had not the queen supported her. The unknown English knight arose. "Though the peace of my country were at stake," cried he, "I would not hear *that* noble lady without cause reproached. Our meeting in the garden was purely accidental. Your majesty will believe me, when I affirm, that though my proud heart flatters me I share in her esteem, she turned from me with contempt, when I durst speak of love. And royal Henry, for I can withhold no more, forgive me when I tell your majesty that I adore your royal daughter, and humbly solicit her hand and heart, as Charles, Prince of Wales, as the heir of England's crown!"

The prince knelt, and presented his credentials to his majesty. The Princess Henrietta, overcome by emotions of surprise and joy, fainted in the arms of her attendants. Henry descended

from his throne, and, leading the prince to a seat beside him, thus addressed him :—

“Our royal cousin must be conscious that how favourably soever his virtues may have disposed us towards the alliance, we can stir in the matter only with and by the consent and approbation of his royal father. If circumstances favour your suit, we can only add, we shall be proud to hail as a son of France a prince whose genuine virtue has so dignified his illustrious rank.”

History informs us that King James’s aversion to any other than a Spanish alliance was easily overcome, and that, in the ensuing spring, the prince, afterwards the ill-fated Charles I. placed the coronet of Wales upon the blushing brow of the beautiful Henrietta of France.

CHARLES M.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

COME, gentle bird, and tell me why
Thou away wilt shortly fly,
And lonely leave the leafy spray
Smiling now so green and gay?
Can it be, that shortly all
This foliage bright shall fade and fall;
Is it that wind and rain the bough
Shall bare, which sun-beams smile on now?
Go, then, inconstant! I no more
Will watch thee through the valley soar—
I will no more the tribute pay
Of praise, to thy light flattering lay!
Thou’rt like the love that blest awhile,
In life’s gay fleeting summer-smile,
Which the first blast of winter’s day
Froze with its breath, and chased away.

CHARLES M.

WOMAN’S FAITH.

WOMAN’S faith—go seek it there,
Where on the couch of anguish lies
Yon haggard wretch, whom wild despair
Convulsive racks, and sickness tries.
What form is that which o’er him bends?
What breast responds his every groan?
What cheering voice soft solace lends?
Oh, is’t not woman’s—her’s alone?

Observe him now, with furies tost,
To fame, and hope, and mercy lost,
Deserted, scorned, by all, save one—
Save lovely woman—her alone!
She shared his love, ere low he fell,
Ere “crime and anguish” wrung his brow;
And though his fallen state too well
She knows—shall she desert him now?

CHARLES M.

MY FIRST BALL.

It has been remarked that Goethe is more fortunate than the majority of literary men, for, it appears, he can dance! Now, although this is an art by no means difficult of attainment, I am compelled to acknowledge, whatever I may thereby suffer in the estimation of the ladies, that I have never acquired so graceful an accomplishment.

It is now about three years since the pressing invitations of some near relations tempted me to spend a few weeks with them in Sussex. I should mention that my previous life had been altogether the life of a recluse. Deprived of both my parents, at an age when I could scarcely appreciate their value, I was confided to the superintendence of guardians, whose chief care was the due preservation of the fortune which was bequeathed to me; little troubling themselves about the cultivation of my mind, which was left to vegetate and expand as it best might, under the tuition of an old, infirm, and superannuated clergyman. My gain by this was a most vehement passion for study; and, inheriting a portion of the literary predilections of my father, who was an author of no mean reputation in his day, I soon became a decided book-worm. I became an author too; and, strange to say, my first effort was a poem, which was not only most favourably received, but actually doted upon—by the ladies! My paternal inheritance was more than competent to all my wishes, and, as the possessor of two thousand pounds per annum, my accomplishments ought to have been far more multifarious. I was, indeed, completely unpolished; and as the scanty society in which I occasionally mingled was confined to two or three very quiet families, and a few young men as studiously inclined as myself, I had hitherto experienced no inconvenience from my total ignorance of the more fashionable customs of the world. The hour had now arrived, however, when I was destined to feel most bitterly the want of those ordinary accomplishments which every country bumpkin can display to advantage.

Having arrived at my journey's bourne at the appointed time, I was received by my relations in a manner even more than due to the unmarried inheritor of two thousand a year; for there really was a hospitality in their manner which was too fervent to be merely assumed, and which soon established me among them. My kinsman's family consisted of himself, his lady, and two daughters, who were rather fine girls, very showy in their dress, though furnished with no very copious proportion of intellectual capacity. They were dashing belles, however, with

tolerable fortunes ; and were both, of course, loving and loved. Now, I had never been in love, nor, to the best of my knowledge, had any fair, or unfair, damsel been in love with me. Not that I wanted either the capacity or the inclination for the business : Heaven knows there were few beings more susceptible than myself ; but I had hitherto had no opportunity.

I soon discovered that some unusual gaiety was anticipated in the town, for all the young ladies, and not a few, also, of the old ones, were busily engaged in preparing dresses, which might fearlessly vie with the splendid paraphernalia of our metropolitan belles when some unusually splendid and magnificent Easter ball excites civic anticipation. I ventured to inquire what all these preparations meant, and, to my consternation, learned that the assizes would commence the next week, and that the assize balls were expected to be the gayest that had occurred for many years, because the sheriff was a gentleman of large fortune and great influence—a baronet and an M. P. Now, dancing had always been not only my aversion, but my terror ; and, consequently, my feet had never kept time even in a simple and social country dance. Let those, then, if there be any such, who have been similarly situated, imagine my consternation when I heard these appalling tidings. I wished myself in the deserts of Arabia, or on the plains of Egypt, or, in fact, anywhere rather than where I was ; but there was no resource, I could not retract, and my pride forbade me to confess my inability.

My confusion was not much alleviated by sundry sage interrogations, which my lovely cousins thought fit to propound to me, as to what set of quadrilles were most danced at Almack's ; whether Paine's, the Lancers, or the Caledonian ? Whether waltzing was now much practised in the first circles ? and if it was not likely that the Spanish Bolero would soon become general ? Now all these were to me a vast deal more unintelligible than the language of the Esquimaux to Captain Parry, and how I got through with my answers I never could rightly discover. I found, however, that my cousins expected to find, in me, a first-rate quadriller, whereas I candidly declare that, at that time, I knew not the difference between *Jetté* and *Chassez*, *Ballotez* and *Glissade* ; much less did I comprehend the cabalistical directions of a whole figure ; movements, however, which I now perfectly understand, through the skilful assistance and tuition of Monsieur Dos-a-dos.

The approaching balls weighed heavily upon my mind, and, by JULY, 1829.

the morning of the awful day, I was really unhappy ; to dissipate my terror I rode out, for I *could* ride, to call upon a friend who lived about six miles distant, on the road leading to London. It was a lovely morning, and, absorbed in reflections, arising from the beautiful scenery through which I passed, I thought no more of the approaching ball. I had not ridden far before I espied a cavalcade upon the road before me. It consisted of three or four vehicles of different kinds, the first being a handsome carriage, with four fine greys, and containing, as I soon ascertained, the sheriff and his family ; his friends following in the other carriages. We soon met, and it so happened that there was a declivity in the road, down which the horses in the barouche and four came in a brisk trot. It happened, also, that a poor unfortunate old man, who had been cutting the hedge, took it into his head to cross the road just as the carriage was coming. I saw his danger, and, dismounting with a velocity as sudden as it was unusual to me, was just in time to snatch him from under the barouche wheels and save his life. The first thing that arrested my attention was a very loud and shrill scream, and, looking up in the direction whence it issued, I perceived a lady standing up in the second carriage, which was a landau, and bending a look of anxious alarm towards the old man whom I was supporting. The lady was young and beautiful, and the unexpected and interesting manner in which she appeared to me was more likely to impress her charms upon my memory than if I had met her under any other circumstances. " I hope, sir, the poor old man is not hurt," she said to me, as I looked towards her, and, as I replied in the negative, observed to the lady who sat by her, " really I am so terrified that I know not what to say or do ; but I see Sir Thomas is endeavouring to repair the headlong carelessness of the coachman." And, while she spoke, Sir Thomas was giving directions to his valet to inquire the residence of the old man, who, by the *douceur* of a sovereign, was amply compensated for his terror. We paid our mutual compliments, and the cavalcade, again driving on, soon vanished from my sight.

This incident, trifling as it was, afforded my busy mind ample scope for cogitation ; and, for the first time in my life, I began to wish that I could dance, that I might have the pleasure of doing so with the beautiful girl from whom I had just parted, while the perfect consciousness of my incapacity filled me with vexation. I determined, however, to make one decisive effort, and succeed or fail as it might happen.

The eventful evening at last arrived, and, after drinking more

wine than usual, and swallowing a few drops of laudanum, a practice I always resorted to in cases of extreme importance—and *only* in such cases—I entered the ball-room, with my fair cousins hanging on my arms. I had wound up my resolution to a very high pitch, and whether it was the wine, or whether it was the opium, or both, or neither, I know not, but I felt quite competent to the achievement of any formidable exploit; and even burned to mingle in the mazes of a quadrille! But the company had not yet half arrived; and I waited with much anxiety for the appearance of that celestial creature, whose image altogether occupied my thoughts. An unusual stir and bustle at the lower end of the room soon attracted my attention, and, having seated my cousins, I moved down towards the door to ascertain the cause, when I found it was occasioned by the arrival of the sheriff and his family, who speedily made their appearance. I looked for my charmer, and beheld her leaning on the arm of a fashionable young man, with whom she seemed very intimate. Her eyes met mine as she entered the room, and a slight, but most becoming, blush overspread her features, as she curtsied to me with all the grace and elegance of pure fashion. I bowed, and walked up to my cousins.

I had, fortunately, engaged my eldest cousin's hand for the first set; I say fortunately, because I did not then know that such was the etiquette, and it was peculiarly happy for me to find myself right, instead of wrong, through ignorance. Fate, however, had otherwise ordained. I was engaged in very earnest conversation with my cousins and two or three other young ladies, from whom I ascertained that the object of my inmost thoughts was a niece of the sheriff; that her name was Louisa Graham, that she was an orphan, and possessed of thirty thousand pounds, when my blood was chilled by the horrid scraping of the fiddles, their dreadful note of preparation being instantly followed by the formation of two or three parties. I was, of course, included in one of them, and, rallying my scared and scattered faculties, I stood in my place, more like one of the assize culprits before Baron Graham, or Judge Best, than a young gentleman about to participate in a quadrille. The musicians received their signal to "strike up," and the dancing commenced. Fortunately for me, again, I stood at the side, and had an opportunity of observing the figure, and it afforded me no trifling satisfaction to see the careless manner in which the gentlemen moved along. At length my turn arrived, and I accomplished the first part with a dexterity that absolutely astonished myself. Too confident of my

success, however, I was not so watchful in my observance of the second division, and imagine, gentle reader, my utter confusion when I found myself alone, and in the middle of my party, standing and staring as if just dropped from the clouds! There was, of course, a great bustle among our own set, and a most provoking titter among the young ladies who witnessed my awkwardness. Now a person of tolerable address and confidence would have speedily retrieved his error; while my inexperience in such matters rendered it very evident to all that I was a complete ignoramus in dancing, which was too truly the case, and I am quite certain that I felt as much horrified at my blunder as I should have done if detected even in picking the high sheriff's pocket. I gazed around me in terror; and the first object that met my view was Louisa Graham, who was one of the next set, gazing at me with an expression replete with ill-suppressed merriment. She said something to her partner, who looked towards me and smiled, and I very cordially wished myself fifty miles distant. I contrived, however, to stumble through the remainder of the set with tolerable accuracy, and led my fair partner to a seat with a great deal more readiness than I led her to the dance.

I was standing and talking with a friend, between the sets, when the following *very interesting* conversation reached me, in which the voice of one of the speakers was too well known for me to mistake the person who spoke. "But really, Charles, I think it a thousand pities that he should be so awkward, so very awkward. A young man, with his fortune, should at least be able to walk a quadrille." "So he should, my sweet coz. but where did you ever meet with a poet who either could dance, or would condescend to do so? I will venture to say he was 'rapt in some glorious vision; for his eye was, certainly, 'in a fine frenzy rolling,' which induced him to forget what he ought to have been about." "Well," rejoined Louisa—and I fancied a soft sigh escaped her—"Well, it is a thousand pities, for he really is a very good-looking young fellow. But are you sure that he *is* the author of—?" "Positive, I had it from Lady Farmingham, to whom he sent a copy." "Well, then, I would rather be *such* a poet than the best dancer at the Opera House. Are you acquainted with him?" "I have met him at old Wilkinsons." "Then you shall introduce me; I want a partner for the country dances; and he will be just the thing: I was never in company with a *real* poet." I heard no more, but, urging my friend onwards, was speedily at the top of the room; where, be-

fore I had time to determine upon any thing, Louisa Graham was before me, and I was introduced to my innamorato in due form. I, however, offered her my arm, which she accepted, and we walked round the ball-room.

I had every reason to expect a good deal of satire from the young lady, but, strange to say, no such words escaped her lips. She spoke of indifferent topics, and with an ease and fluency which evinced her superior education and accomplishments. My alarm and constraint wore off, and I opened my lips with a volubility certainly not natural to me. At length the conversation became more interesting, because it became more immediately allusive to ourselves. The adventure of the morning was introduced, and duly commented upon; nay, by an infatuation altogether miraculous, I found courage to talk of my own deficiency in the graces; and, what was still more marvellous, I condescended to enter into a minute detail of all the causes of such a delinquency. Louisa heard me with patience, nay, even with interest; and with a liveliness, which became her most bewitchingly, she playfully remonstrated with me on my neglect for such accomplishments as became my rank in society, and laid down a code of rules, which she begged me of all things most implicitly to follow. I, of course, promised to do so, and have kept my word.

I danced with Louisa Graham twice that night, and twice on the following; and a more divine creature never existed. Her conversation was far superior to that of girls in general; and I found in her just such a spirit as I imagined would pleasingly and profitably amalgamate with my own. That night I had most delicious dreams of Louisa and happiness, and my waking thoughts were but a continuation of my sleeping ones. I flattered myself that I was not indifferent to her; but there was no time for incipient affection to ripen: Miss Graham quitted the town the following day, and the next news I heard of her was that she was—married!

I often think of that memorable night, and, although several years have since elapsed, I have not forgotten a single incident relating to it. Like a vision that has passed, it serves to feed the mind with thought in after years. It is

“ A picture in the chambers of the brain
Hung up and framed; a flower from youthful years
Breathed on by heavenly zephyrs, and preserved
Safe from decay in everlasting bloom !”

R. R.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.—NO. 111.

THE ANGLO-SAXON LADIES.

HAVING described the condition of woman in periods of antiquity and during the middle ages, it may not be either uninteresting or unprofitable to estimate the degree of respect which the sex elicited from our hardy ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons. Our manners and our language have, in a great measure, been borrowed from them, and to their habits and principles our fair countrywomen owe much of that attention and high regard which they have uniformly experienced.

It is well known that the female sex were much more highly valued, and more respectfully treated, by the barbarous Gothic nations than by the more polished states of the east. Among the Anglo-Saxons they occupied the same important and independent rank in society which they now enjoy. They were allowed to possess, to inherit, and to transmit landed property; they shared in all the social festivities; they were present at the witenagemot, or parliament, and the shire gemot, or county council; they were permitted to sue and be sued in the courts of justice; their persons, their safety, their liberty, and their property, were protected by express laws; and they possessed all that sweet influence which, while the human heart is responsive to the touch of love, they will ever retain in those countries which have the wisdom and the urbanity to treat them as equal, intelligent, and independent beings.

In that important article, dress, the Anglo-Saxon dames showed considerable taste. A married lady is described by Aldhelm as having necklaces and bracelets, and also rings with gems on her fingers. Her hair was dressed artificially; he mentions the twisted hairs delicately curled with the iron of those adorning her.

In this part of her dress she was a contrast to the religious virgin, whose hair was entirely neglected. Their hair was highly valuable and reputable among the Saxon ladies. Judith, in an old poem, is perpetually mentioned with epithets allusive to her hair. Her twisted locks are more than once noticed:

The maid of the Creator,
With *twisted locks*,
Took then a sharp sword.

The curling tongs is, therefore, by no means of modern invention! The laws mention a free woman wearing her locks as a distinguishing circumstance. Judith is also described with her ornaments:

The prudent one adorned with gold
 Ordered her maidens —
 Then commanded he
 The blessed virgin
 With speed to fetch
 To his bed rest,
 With bracelets laden,
 With rings adorned.

Aldhelm also describes the wife as loving to paint her cheeks with the red colour of stibium. The art of painting the face is not the creature of refinement; the most barbarous nations seem to be the most liberal in their use of this fancied ornament. Gaudy colours please the inexperienced eye.

The will of Wynflæd makes us acquainted with several articles of the dress and ornaments of an Anglo-Saxon lady. She gives to Ethelflæda, one of her daughters, her engraved beah, or bracelet, and her covering mantle. To Eadgyfa, another of her daughters, she leaves her best dun tunic, and her better mantle, and her covering garment. She also mentions her pale tunics, her torn cyrtel, and other linen, web, or garment. She likewise notices her white cyrtel, and the cuffs and riband.

Among the ornaments mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon documents we read of a golden fly, beautifully adorned with gems; of golden vermiculated necklaces; of a bulla that had belonged to the grandmother of the lady spoken of; of golden head-bands; and of a neck-cross.

The ladies had also gowns; for a Bishop of Winchester sends as a present "a short gown sewed in our manner." Thus we find the mantle, the kirtle, and the gown, mentioned by these names among the Saxons, and even the ornament of cuffs.

In the drawings on the manuscripts of these times the women appear with a long loose robe, reaching down to the ground, and large loose sleeves. Upon their head is a hood or veil, which, falling down before, was wrapped round the neck and breast. All the ladies in the drawing have their necks, from the chin, closely wrapped in this manner, and in none of them is a fine waist attempted to be displayed, nor have their heads any other covering than their hood.

In the dress of the men the province of female taste was intruded upon by the ornaments they used. They had sometimes gold and precious stones round their necks, and the men of consequence or wealth usually had expensive bracelets on their arms, and rings on their fingers. It is singular that the bracelets of the male sex were more costly than those allotted to the fair. In an

Anglo-Saxon will, the testator bequeaths to his lord a beah, or bracelet, of eighty gold mancusa, and to his lady one of thirty. He had two neck bracelets, one of forty, and another of eighty gold mancusa, and two golden bands. We read of two golden bracelets, and five gold ornaments, called sylas, sent by an Anglo-Saxon to her friend. Their rings are frequently mentioned: an archbishop bequeaths one in his will, and a king sent a gold ring, with twelve sagi, as a present to a bishop. The ring appears to have been worn on the finger next to the little finger, and on the right hand, for a Saxon law calls that the gold finger; and we find a right hand was once cut off on account of this ornament.

Marriage, of course, was then, as now, a thing of first importance. According to the laws of Ethelbert a man might purchase a bride. If deceit was detected she was to be taken back to her house, and his money to be restored to him. It was also enjoined, that if a wife brought forth children alive, and survived her husband, she was to have half his property. She was allowed the same privilege, if she chose, to live with her children; but if she was childless, his paternal relations were to have his possessions, and the morgen, or marriage-gift.

The customary forms attendant upon marriage contracts are more clearly displayed to us in the laws of Edmund: the consent of the lady and her friends was to be first obtained: the bridegroom was then to give his promise, and his pledge, to the person who spoke for her, that he desired her, that he might keep her, according to the law of God, as a man ought to keep his wife. Nor was this promise trusted to his own honour or interest: the female sex were so much under the protection of the law, that the bridegroom was compelled to produce friends who gave their security for his due observance of his covenant.

The parties being thus betrothed, the next step was to settle to whom the foster lean, the money requisite for the nourishing the children, should be applied. The bridegroom was then required to pledge himself to this, and his friends became responsible for him.

This matter being arranged, he was then to signify what he meant to give her for choosing to be his wife, and what he should give her in case she survived him. We consider the first gift to be a designation of his intended morgen-gift. This was the present which the Anglo Saxon wives received from their husbands on the day after their nuptials, as it is expressed in the law. It seems to have been intended as a compliment to the ladies for honouring a suitor with their preference, and for submitting to

the duties of wedlock. The law adds, that, if it be so agreed, it is right that she should halve the property, or have the whole if they had children together, unless she chose again another husband. This was an improvement on the ancient law, which, in the event of no issue, had directed the morgen-gift to be returned.

The bridegroom was then required to confirm with his pledge all that he had promised, and his friends were to become responsible for its due performance.

These preliminaries being settled, they proceeded to the marriage. Her relations then took and wedded her to wife, and to a right life, with him who desired her; and the person appointed to keep the pledges that had been given took the security for them. For the more complete assurance of the lady's personal safety and comfort, in those days, wherein a multiplicity of jurisdictions gave often impunity to crime, the friends who took the pledges were authorized to become guarantee to her, that if her husband carried her into another thane's land he would do her no injury; and that, if she did wrong, they would be ready to answer the compensation, if she had nothing from which she could pay it.

The law proceeds to direct, that the mass-priest should be present at the marriage, and should consecrate their union with the divine blessing to every happiness and prosperity. There is an article in one of the collections of ecclesiastical canons, "How man shall bless the bridegroom and the bride."

The morgen-gift was a settlement on the lady very similar to a modern jointure. It was bargained for before marriage, but was not actually vested in the wife till afterwards. Our conception of the thing will be probably simplified and assisted by recollecting the language of our modern settlements. The land or property conveyed by them is given in trust for the person who grants it "until the said marriage shall take effect; and from and immediately after the solemnization thereof," it is then granted to the uses agreed upon. So the morgen-gift was settled before the nuptials, but was not actually given away until the morning afterwards, or until the marriage was completed.

Nothing could be more calculated to produce a very striking dissimilarity, between the Gothic and the Oriental states, than this exaltation of the female sex to that honour, consequence, and independence, which European laws studied to uphold. As the education of youth will always principally rest with women, in the most ductile part of life, it is of the greatest importance that

the fair sex should possess high estimation in society ; and nothing could more certainly tend to perpetuate this feeling, than the privilege of possessing property in their own right, and at their own disposal.

The morgen-gift was not left optional to the husband to give or withhold after the marriage. One of the laws of Ina expressly provide, that if a man bargained for a woman, and the gyft was not duly forthcoming, he should actually pay the money, and also a penalty and a compensation to her sureties for breaking his troth. Thus our Saxon courts of law had something to do with trials for breach of promise of marriage.

Widows who married too soon after the death of their husbands were fined : twelve months was the period allowed for mourning, after which she was permitted to dispose freely of her heart and hand. The pecuniary bargains which were made on the Anglo-Saxon marriages do not breathe much of the spirit of affectionate romance. The men, however, cannot be called mercenary suitors, as they appear to have been the paymasters. These contracts give occasion to the Saxon legislators to express the fact of treating for a marriage by the terms of buying a wife. Hence our oldest law says, if a man buys a maiden, the bargain shall stand if there be no deceit ; otherwise, she should be restored to her home, and his money shall be returned to him.

Their high estimation and rigorous exaction of female virtue, even among the servile, is strongly implied in this passage of one of Bede's works : "In the courts of princes there are certain men and women moving continually in more splendid vestments, and retaining a greater familiarity with their lord and lady. There it is studiously provided, that none of the women there who are in an enslaved state should remain with any stain of unchastity ; but if by chance she should turn to the eyes of men with an immodest aspect, she is immediately chided with severity. There some are deputed to the interior, some to the exterior offices, all of whom carefully observe the duties committed to them, that they may claim nothing but what is so entrusted."

MUSIC AND LOVE.

No softer tie can bind the heart
Than Music 'twined with Love ;
The union formed, plays such a part
As wafts the soul above.
The soft delights which from them flow
Will ease the pangs of grief ;
Will calm the heart oppressed with woe,
And give the soul relief.

L. P.

THE BENEDICTINE.

HAPPENING to be in Brittany soon after the French revolution, I paid a visit to the ruins of a Benedictine convent, situate in a romantic and remote part of that district. The place had shared in the fanatical horrors of the time: its defenceless inmates had departed; the sound of their matin bell was no longer heard; and the voice of devotional song had ceased within its temple. The doors appeared as if recently wrenched from their hinges, the windows had been rudely broken, and the very buildings, solemn and massy, acquired additional gloom from the presence of that desolation which had taken possession of the place. There was not a human being within the precincts of the convent; and I confess I felt some reluctance in trusting myself alone within its walls. The doors, however, stood invitingly open; and the indistinctness of the scene to which they admitted the view, served to irritate my curiosity. It was not any kind of bodily fear which influenced me; I did not apprehend any actual evil; but the awe which the silence and gloom of the place inspired seemed to deter me from entering. Every succeeding moment, however, served to increase my familiarity with the dilapidated building, and, having screwed my courage to the sticking place, I rushed, rather than walked, in. Here all was confusion; the leaves of breviaries were strewed on the floor of the refectory and along the corridors, and fragments of the crucifix lay scattered about, indicating that the rude hands which had ejected the monks paid no marked respect to the symbol of Christianity. The cells, with the exception of one, were all empty; and that one was filled with fragments of books and torn papers. These forcibly arrested my curiosity; but they were in such utter confusion that I could make but little of them. By perseverance, however, I succeeded in collecting most of the scattered parts of a MS. which interested me much, and, when arranged, I read as follows:—

“As the mouldering hand of time has at length assumed a power over my languid and weary frame, with which it is improbable I shall long compete, I am anxious, ere I quit a world which to me has brought so much woe, to detail some account of the causes which have entailed long suffering on me, and which first induced me to seek solace and consolation amidst these secluded and hallowed walls.

“I am descended from an ancient and honourable family in La Vendée, named St. Florent. Ere I had ripened into maturity, or had learned to know the bereavement I had sustained, I lost my father. The affectionate indulgence of one of the best of mothers

contributed to keep me in ignorance of my loss, until, at the early age of seven years, I was placed as boarder at a first-rate academy. After having passed with tolerable applause through the ordinary studies of a school, I was sent to Paris along with the son of a neighbouring family, who, though less honourable in descent, was much richer than ours. My companion, young De Rheims, was intended for the army; I, from particular circumstances which promised me success, was destined for the bar. De Rheims had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The insolent superiority the young officers of my acquaintance claimed over their fellow-citizens dazzled my ambition and awed my bashfulness.

“To the profession my friends had marked out for me, attention and sober manners were naturally attached. I soon imbibed the empty opinions of my companions, and concluded the qualities of my profession to be servile and dishonourable; and all at once became ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, and a bully in vices which I loathed. An affectionate mother’s ill-judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures in which my companions induced me to share; and the habits of life into which I had been led I soon found began to blunt by degrees my natural feeling of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. The dangerous connection I had formed in Paris was broken off by De Rheims receiving orders to join his regiment immediately at Calais. At his request I consented to accompany him as far as a relation’s house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two on his way. He was an elderly, good-looking man, and possessed all those virtues of which De Rheims’ ridicule had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it never made me entirely cease to revere. His example encouraged, and his precepts fortified, my natural disposition to goodness; but an only child, an amiable daughter of nineteen, was a more interesting assistant to it. After the experience I had had of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in Paris, I found her native unaffected manners infinitely attractive. De Rheims found them insipid, and but ill-suited to his depraved and vicious taste, and we soon left them and returned to Paris.

“I confess I felt the most ardent affection for her; and though the little time I had known her would not justify my declaring my attachment, I could not help, by a thousand little nameless

attentions, showing her the interest with which I regarded her. On parting with her I felt what in life we frequently do in an inferior degree on leaving our friends—a lowness of spirits and a dependence on others for amusement, with, at the same time, a distaste for any social pleasures, which prevented my entering into the society most likely to produce me what I needed. Our journey up was dull enough, and in Paris I found myself not less uncomfortable. In the winter, the father's health being rapidly on the decline, they came to the capital for the benefit of superior medical advice. I attended him constantly with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, and which the company of Emily made to me an indulgence. Our cares, and the skill of the best physicians, were fruitless: he died, leaving his daughter to my friendship. I mingled, in true sincerity, my tears with hers over the grave of our best of friends, and endeavoured to assuage her melancholy by such soothing as I was enabled to offer. Being for some time much in her company, and loving her more and more each time I saw her, I ventured to ask if I might dare to hope for her love. Emily was too innocent for disguise, and too honest for affectation: she yielded to my solicitations; and, after a proper period had elapsed from the death of her parent, we retired to the paternal estate, where we were happily united.

“We continued in the enjoyment of the highest felicity for something more than a year, when my Emily found herself destined to become a mother. On that interesting occasion my anxiety was such as a husband who doats upon his wife may be supposed to feel: in order, therefore, to have superior assistance than the country afforded, I proposed she should remove to Paris.

“I had only to express a wish on a subject to obtain Emily's consent; and in a few days we found ourselves at the same hotel where she and her good father had formerly lodged, alas! but to die, and leave his innocent daughter to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society which made the company of any third person tedious and disagreeable, and we continued almost always together, until at length she made me the father of a sweet boy. On this pledge of our loves, the object as it were of a new kind of tenderness, we gazed with sincere delight. Emily nursed the infant herself, as well from an idea of duty as from the pleasure of attending personally to its little wants. A few days after her confinement, having occasion to go into the city, I accidentally met my old companion De

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E

Rheims. He embraced me with the greatest warmth; and after a variety of inquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me so earnestly to spend that evening with him, that I was ashamed to offer an apology. Our company consisted only of himself and two other officers, one of whom bore the Croix de St. Louis, and the rank of colonel in the army. I found him one of the most agreeable companions I had ever met with.

"My spirits rose in proportion to the pleasantries around me; and I found wit, sentiment, and information to the fullest extent, where in reality I least expected to find either. It was late before we parted; and I received, not without pleasure, an invitation to sup with the colonel the following night. The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister and a friend of hers, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty, had yet a sweetness of expression in her countenance which impressed me more in her favour than mere beauty probably would have done. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. We played at cards in the evening, and I won, in truth, more than I could have wished. On parting, the widow asked the colonel, smilingly, to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal frankness and modesty, that as I had been partner of her success, she hoped I would take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

* * * *

"Before I went out I came to wish Emily and her babe a good night; and as she seized my hand with affectionate warmth, I thought I saw a tear roll gently down her pale cheek. I would have given any thing to have staid at home, but for the shame of not going. My want of gaiety was very perceptible, and the company did not fail to rail at me on the occasion. We played deeper, and sat later than on the preceding evening. I lost very considerably, and returned home chagrined and mortified. I saw Emily the next morning, whose spirits were low and dejected. I thought, too, her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. De Rheims came to take me to his house to dinner; and, as we went along, rallied me on the conquest he said I had made of the fascinating widow. We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was more elegantly dressed than usual, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was somewhat numerous, and the conversation chiefly directed to my leaving Paris, and to the insipidity

of the enjoyments I was to meet with in the country. Madame le Mercier did not join in the raillery against me, but sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on.

“It happened that just at this time a young artist arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emily from a female friend. Emily, who doated on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture unknown to me, that she might the more pleasingly surprise me by showing it me. I was enough absent from her to admit of its being finished uninterruptedly. Alas ! she knew not what, during that absence, was my employment : the slave of vice and profusion, I was violating every tie of social affection, and squandering the fortune that ought to have been laid by for my wife and infant. After having exhausted all the money I possessed and all the credit I could command, I would have stopped short of ruin ; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the rest of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The result was such as might have been expected.

“After the horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame le Mercier and told her my situation. She treated me as one who was no longer worth the deceiving. I rushed, in the agony of despair, from her house, I knew not whither ; my steps involuntarily led me home. I went quickly to my Emily’s chamber ; she was asleep, with a night-lamp burning near her ; her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked ? She smiled through her sleep, as if dreaming of happiness ; I too fatally knew the misery to which she must soon wake. My brain began to madden, and the horrible idea rose within me of terminating our three lives. At that moment the bright eyes of my darling boy opened full upon me : it was more than I could bear. I left the room, and, gaining an obscure hotel at a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracting lines to my Emily, acquainting her of my folly and my crimes, and that I meant to leave France for ever. I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles before it was light. At sun-rise the Brest diligence overtook me, and I entered it without knowing whither I should proceed. That day and the next I went on mechanically, regardless of food and incapable of rest. At length my strength failed, and I fainted in the passage of an inn at which we were stopping to bait. A cha-

ritable brother of the order to which I now belong attended me with great humanity, and in a few days I was again able to breathe the fresh air.

“As I was one morning standing at the inn-door, waiting the arrival of the diligence, among the passengers who alighted was the young artist that had been recommended to us at Paris. I learned from him the sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more! The shock which my letter gave produced a fever, delirium, and death. In the interval of reason preceding the spirit's departure, my wife called him to her bed-side and gave him the picture of my babe, charging him with her last breath, if ever he could find me out, to present it me with her forgiveness. He put it into my hands. I hardly know how I survived its receipt. By that holy man who attended me so assiduously I was placed in this convent, where, except an occasional melancholy journey to the tomb of my Emily and her boy, I have remained ever since to expiate the enormity of my offences. After years of suffering, a beam of mercy has shed its celestial light upon my wasting days, and true penitence has induced me, I trust not presumptuously, to indulge a hope that I may meet with forgiveness from that hand which is ever employed in dispensing unmerited blessings to sinful man.”

This narrative did not tend to diminish the solemn impressions of the place, and, having taken a hurried glance at some other cells, I took my departure.

B. D.

STANZAS.

I WOULD not think of days gone by
 If I could turn my thoughts away,
 But though I'd have these visions fly,
 They haunt me night as well as day.
 I would not think of *one* who made
 Those golden days so fair and bright;
 But, ah! what power can cast a shade
 O'er one who was my being's light?
 Reason, religion, duty—all
 Command—they say my love should sink
 And I obey their blighting call—
 I cease to speak, but *not* to think.
 Yet I would bury thoughts as well,
 But this no power of mind can do,
 For memory, with magic spell,
 Restores those scenes of love to view.
 I struggle—and *they* think me cold—
 A word—a look—recalls the past;
 Then my unchanging love is told,
 A love which with my life must last.

ADAM.

ORIGINS AND EXPLANATIONS.

Brocades.—This term came from the French word *brochées*; which was applied to figured silks, among which was interwoven patterns in gold, silver, &c.

Taffety.—We are told that this silk was so named from the noise made on it by rubbing, which sounds *taffe, taffe*. In an old work published in the fifteenth century we are informed that the ladies wore girdles of *taffe-taffe*.

Damask.—The first piece seen of this silk was brought from *Damascus*, in Syria, from whence it derived its name.

Gaufrée.—Crape or gauze *gaufrée* is imprinted with hot irons. The term *gaufrée* is taken from a French pastrycook, who invented a kind of paste, extremely thin, baked between two irons, and bearing the marks of the irons on each side.

Gauze—took its name from *Gaza*, a town in Syria, where it was first fabricated.

Gingham—a striped kind of cotton, took its name from *Guin-gamp*, a town in Bretagne, where it was first woven.

Muslin—comes from *Mosul*, a town of Turkey in Asia, where the finest muslins are found; the Europeans imitated them, and called the texture *muslin*.

Reticules.—In 1796, the Grecian style of dress being in vogue, pockets, in consequence, were suppressed, and a small work-bag, long lain aside by the dowagers, was revived by the young women; in which they put their keys, their pocket handkerchiefs, and their purses. The old ladies, who did not dare to adopt the new style of dress, revenged themselves on the bag by giving to it the epithet of *Ridicule*, and this became the name of the criticised object. The bag was generally a net, lined with sarcenet. Our improvers in language pretend that it ought to be named *reticule*, from the Latin *reticulum*, a little net.

We were once informed by a very intelligent gentleman, who had formerly belonged to the guards of the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette, that the *ridicule* is of more ancient date, and was invented by the queen's milliner in 1780 or 1781; and that being shown to her majesty, and its use explained, she held it on her finger, saying, "Ah! que c'est *Ridicule*!" since when it was called by that name; and we think there is good reason to credit this. The officer was a major, and much about the court.

Blankets.—In 1340, one Thomas Blanket and some other inhabitants of Bristol set up looms in their own houses for weaving those woollen cloths, which have ever since been called *blankets*.

Spencers.—This article of dress originated with the late Lord

Spenser. His lordship, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, being out a hunting, had, in the act of leaping a fence, the misfortune to have one of the skirts of his coat torn off; upon which his lordship tore off the other. Some inventive genius took the hint, and having made some of these half-coats, out of compliment to his lordship, gave to them the significant cognomen of *Spencer*!

Sedan Chairs.—It was in the year 1634 that Sir Saunders Duncombe first introduced *sedan chairs*. Sir Saunders was a great traveller, and had seen these chairs at *Sedan*, where they were first invented.

Tilbury.—So called from Mr. Tilbury, the coach-maker of Mount Street, Berkeley Square.

Stanhope.—So called from being introduced into the *beau monde* by the Hon. Mr. Stanhope.

Tandem.—This equipage derives its name from the Latin words *tan dem*, i. e. at length; one horse preceding the other. It is a cognomen somewhat far-fetched, but it is accounted for by saying, it is of University origin.

D'Oyleys.—These dessert napkins take their term from a very respectable warehouseman of the name of D'Oyley, whose family of the same name had resided in the great old house next to Hodsoll, the banker's, from the time of Queen Anne. This house, built by Inigo Jones, which makes a prominent feature in the old engraved views of the Strand, having a covered up-and-down entrance which projected to the carriage-way, was pulled down about 1782, on the site of which was erected the house now occupied in the same business.

Mantua-Maker.—The names of places are sometimes preserved in trades, and the objects of trade, where no longer the slightest connexion exists between them. Thus we have a *Mantua-Maker*, a name at first given to persons who made a particular cloak or dress worn at *Mantua*, in Italy.

Milliner.—So called because the Milanese were the first *Milliners*, or, as they were called, *Milaners*; deriving their name from the sale of a particular dress first worn at *Milan*, in Italy.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

MUST that soft frame in dust be laid,
Nor sparkle more thine eyes;
Nor longer glow those cheeks with red,
More pure than Tyrian dyes?

O, coward death! thou'st missed thine aim:
The happy victim see;
And know, thy dart gave life to *him*,
And only death to *me*.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

THINK not this subject beneath your notice. The manners of great nations must ever depend on the manners of the individuals who compose them ; and what can make you acquainted with these individual manners—what can give you a better clue whereby to explain them—than the knowledge of the light in which they regard the indissoluble tie of marriage ? Besides, the conduct of the French in this, elsewhere interesting, matter, is at least curious ; though, perhaps, you may not think it worthy of imitation.

Let us now suppose that a young man, possessing five hundred pounds a year, thinks it desirable, *for his family*, that he should marry. I assure you that I am setting about it, or, rather, setting *him* about it, in the true French style, and according to the usual routine. He looks around him,—no ! he does not *look* around him, but he inquires what are the fortunes of the several young ladies of his own rank in his neighbourhood. Observe, that I am speaking of a young *noble*, that is, a country gentleman : in the other classes of society the matter is, I believe, conducted more according to the English plan. He hears that a certain *demoiselle* is possessed of a fortune exactly equal to his own ;—for, owing to the equal partition of property, a perfect equality of fortune is expected in the couple ; without it, they will not be well matched, and will not form what is called a *joli mariage*.

Listen, then, ye second sons of English gentlemen, whom aristocratic pride debars from the sweets of matrimony ! Seek the shores of France : the certainty of acquiring a fortune, at least equal to your own, there awaits you : thus may you counteract the injustice of nature, and the prejudiced partiality of your fathers !

“But, to my tale.” A girl is found, whom public report declares to be endowed with riches equal to those of her,—what may I call him ?—*admirer* ? no ; he has not yet seen her ;—*wooer* ? no ; he has not yet spoken to her ;—*futur* ? yes, that term is correct ; with riches equal to those of her future husband.

But, in order to avoid this difficulty of finding appropriate terms by which to designate the parties, I shall adopt a more business-like mode of expressing myself ; a mode which, though it may not be quite so *interesting*, is more applicable and characteristic.

Let, therefore, the letter A be the young noble in search of a

wife, and the letter B the *demoiselle*, whose fortune is declared to be equal to his own. Certain of this fact, A gets his father, C, to write to the father of B, and to make known the prospects and wishes of his son: D, the father of the *demoiselle*, B, thinks over the matter, and, presuming that the bargain can be concluded, requests a common friend of both to introduce him to the father of the young man: together, these two draw up the marriage articles to their mutual satisfaction.

It is now time that A, the young noble, should be introduced to B, the *demoiselle*, whom, be it recollected, he has not yet seen. The meeting is contrived thus: the father of A takes his son to pay a visit to D, whose daughter, with her mother, is in the room. The young people bow and courtesy to each other: A pays a formal compliment to B, who again courtesies, without raising her eyes from the little work-table at which she is seated; and, after a quarter of an hour, A and his father take their leave, and retire.

"Well, son," says C, when they are alone, "what do you think of her?" "Why—she's well enough,—*elle n'est pas mal*;—but let's get it over soon, for I can't go on long with this work," replies the loving A. "*Soit*, be it so;" says his father.

"Well, daughter," says D, on the other hand, "have you any thing to say against him?" "*Mon père, je ne l'ai pas vu*; I did not see him, father." "How so? he was sitting there for more than a quarter of an hour:" "But, father—I scarcely dared to look at him." "*Pauvre petite*—poor child!" says D; "but, in fine, have you any objection to him?" "But—why—but—father, I should like,—like Mr. R. or Mr. G. better." "*Comment!*" cries the enraged D, "you would like,—you talk of liking! What!" "Nay, but see, dear," says her mother, now interposing, "A, whom your father has fixed upon, is a very *jolie partie*—good match: he is of an excellent family; he has a pretty fortune, and he is a *joli homme*, with a physiognomy rather pleasing than otherwise: think of it, child; your father and I only wish for your happiness." "*Eh bien, Maman; fais comme tu voudras*;—very well, mamma; do as you wish."

No more is required. C and D convene and settle that the marriage shall take place that day three weeks—the intervening time to be spent in preparing the *corbeille*.

The *corbeille*! the *corbeille*! what *demoiselle* can resist the magic word! *Hoc maximum vinculum, hæc arcana sacra, hos deos conjugales*! But I forget that you are still a stranger to these all-conciliating, all-facilitating inventions. No French

marriage, can, however, take place unless the *corbeille* and the *trosseau* be parties to the contract; and having obtained a list of the general contents of the one and the other, I shall now endeavour to give you an adequate idea of each.

So soon as the marriage between A and B has been agreed upon, the mother of the young lady begins laying in for her daughter a stock of clothes calculated to endure as long as the union itself—that is till death, come it ever so late. This provision consists only of the more useful sort of attire—gowns, petticoats, stockings, handkerchiefs, &c. &c. from three to six dozen of each. This stock is called the *trosseau*, and is more or less extensive according to the fortune of the *demoiselle*, as about one year's income is to be spent in providing it.

But however delightful it may be to watch the erection of a well-filled wardrobe, yet what are stockings and petticoats compared to the contents of the *corbeille*! It is the *corbeille* that exclusively occupies the thoughts of the young spouse. This attractive magnet is a large, richly-ornamented basket, which it is the care of the loving *futur* to fill with the more costly parts of woman's attire—with *real* cashmere shawls, with lace gowns, &c.—with every sort of nick-nack—gloves, fans, &c.—with a purse well stocked with gold, and with two, or more, complete *parures* of jewels. This *corbeille* is as indispensable as the husband himself to a French marriage, and few ladies hesitate to declare that they think it the best part of the concern. In purchasing the contents of the BASKET, it is thought to be a great proof of deference if the bridegroom consult the taste of the bride; and throughout my example of A and B, you behold a more than usually liberal and loving couple.

As yet, however, the business is not concluded. The day fixed for the marriage is arrived. A and the near relations of both meet together at the house of the *demoiselle*. The *corbeille* and the presents of the *futur* are exposed to universal admiration. The company then proceed in a body to the *hotel de ville*—town-hall.

Let us suppose that A and B, the hero and heroine of my EXAMPLE, have conformed to all this: that they are now driving round the town—leaving cards at the doors of all their acquaintance—sending papers of sugar-plums to their more intimate friends—and preparing for the dinners and balls that are to be given on that, the day of their marriage, and on the subsequent evenings, at the houses of the parents of “the happy couple.” When these rejoicings shall be concluded, A will take B, or B

will take A—according to the previous agreement—to dwell in an apartment of his, or her, father's house. This is a more common arrangement than that the young people should set up a separate establishment. But, whatever may be their intentions on this head, they are now married.

Perhaps you may think the courtship I have detailed to be too short—to say no more. I once hinted as much to a young married lady, who was giving me an account of her own union, contracted after three weeks spent in formal interviews: “*Eh, mon Dieu!*” she replied; “it was quite long enough, for we were tired to death of one another!”

B.

MY GRANDFATHER'S GARDEN.—NO II.

RURAL LIFE—THE PHILOSOPHY OF HORTICULTURE—OUR GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

WHAT a charming month is June! Our village, which always wears a face of contentment, looks peculiarly lovely during this delightful season; and I am sometimes inclined to wonder, with my grandfather, why people will deprive themselves of such pleasures as the country, during three fourths of the year, so abundantly affords. Our forefathers, I suspect, were wiser than their successors; they lived in rural retirement; and though not sufficiently enlightened to provide themselves, like my grandfather, with a modern Eden, they felt that there was something grateful in inhaling the pure breath of Heaven, and in contemplating uninterruptedly the works of the Almighty.

All around us here is calm; tranquillity reigns over every thing; and the quiet happiness of the place disposes the mind to participate in the blessedness of the season. Ambition does not often disturb; and the feverish agitation of the busy world is happily unknown in Dovedale.

There is here, too, a wakeful observation of a thousand little touches on our senses, which could not be felt amidst the thronging sensations of ardent life; and pleasure springs up in the bosom in eager play, and with a sort of grateful response to the most insignificant objects that seek to solicit it. The senses, the fancy, and even the reasoning intelligence, are awake to the observation of pleasures natural and inherent, feeding even the deeper happiness of the mind, and strengthening its strong affections with their constant gentle supply. It becomes not only tenderer; but the more solemn thoughts and feelings which visit at times every human mind,—which belong to its nature and condition, and are a necessary part both of its wisdom and its virtue,—are known in

the seasons of silence and solitude. The hurry of the world shuts them out from the soul; but when there is silence in the mind,—when the heart rests,—when the hush of the world has breathed over the spirit,—when the mind, self-left, feels itself in its loneliness,—then is its hour of contemplation!

The indulgence of the natural pleasure, impressed upon our senses by the common elements of nature, in their simplest appearances, seems to be one of the important enjoyments provided for us, and clings round the extinction of imagination in old age. It breaks in upon us in the midst of the cares and passions that possess the strong activity of manhood, and never falls on the unprepared heart without surprising it into remembrance of purer, loftier existence.

When we walk abroad in Nature, we go not as artists to study her scenes, but as her children to rejoice in her bounty. The breath of the air, the blue of the unclouded sky, the shining sun, and the green softness of the unflowered turf beneath our feet, are all that we require to make us feel that we are transported into a region of delights. We breathe and tread in a pure untroubled world, and the fresh clear delight that breaths round our senses seems to bathe our spirits in the innocence of Nature.

Although the turbulent pleasures of the fashionable world are not without their charms for me, I confess that the more mature my thoughts become the more attached I grow to my sylvan retreat. The associations of the place cling around me; the little histories of the inhabitants amuse me, and my grandfather's horticultural philosophy entertains if it does not instruct me. He can relate as many anecdotes of flowers as Captain Brown can of dogs, and certainly not less original.

Of our gardener, John Homely, he entertains a very high opinion: his moral honesty is undoubted; but though his intellectual capacity has always appeared to me somewhat questionable, my grandfather is constantly appealing to his understanding on subjects about which the poor man could not be expected to know anything. A few mornings since I was highly amused with a philosophic dialogue between these veteran horticulturists. The windows of my suit of rooms look into that department of the garden which is more exclusively devoted to Flora, and the incense which is perpetually rising to her, impregnates the air with a perfume which always appeared to me most grateful a few hours after sunrise. Accordingly I seldom fail to throw open my casement when I arise, and, in general, more senses than one have

the benefit of this proceeding. The humming of the bee is by no means inappropriate music in such a place ; and this, in summer, is never wanting ; while the feathered tribe, in a louder key, sing their little notes of praise. While enjoying the soft melody of the hour on the morning in question, I heard John ask his master if he should put " the Duke of Wellington into the same bed with the Queen of Sheba." " No, no," responded my grandfather, " place him beside Washington, it will suit him better ; and fix the ' merry monarch' in the bed with Mrs. Siddons ; George the Fourth has already been transferred to the same bed with Maria Teresa."

These dignified names appertain to my grandfather's tulips, and in no garden in Europe are there finer ones. He cherishes them with the passion of a virtuoso, and draws several of his wisest maxims from their evanescent qualities. Pointing to a dead one, he has often said to me

" So beauty fades, so fleets its showy life,
As droops the tulip, clad in all its pride
Of rich array."

On the present occasion he did not fail to profit by John's proximity to so instructive a flower. " A garden," he said, " is the only fitting place for philosophy to teach in."

" Umph !" ejaculated John.

" It is," continued the old man, " full of instruction : it recalls the holiest associations, inspires reverence and pious gladness, and, more than this, it is the only correct barometer whereby we can ascertain the degree of national civilization."

" Umph !" said John again, as he transferred the " Duke of Wellington" to the neighbourhood of " Washington."

" There is not a plant here," proceeded my grandfather, " which does not speak volumes. The only fruits that ripened originally in England were blackberries, crab apples, and sloes. Until the sixteenth century we had no garden, properly so called. Anne of Cleves, who was the wife of Henry VIII. could not procure a salad in the kingdom ; and even these tulips, delicious flowers ! were first introduced during the reign of Charles II. A considerable trade was formerly carried on in tulips, and tulip fanciers were once common. An idiot of this description having heard of a man who possessed a black tulip, hurried to his garden and became proprietor of the *rara avis* for the moderate sum of three hundred pounds. He had no sooner laid his hands on it than he tore it into pieces !"

" Laws !" said John.

"Because," continued my grandfather, "he happened to have a similar one in his own garden, and which then became the greatest curiosity in Europe."

"Umph!" was all John said.

"What is the matter with the man," said my grandfather, coming to a full stop, and looking his aged and sun-burnt gardener in the face. John gave a long sigh. "Turned Methodist?" queried my uncle. "No, sir," replied John, "though I could turn any thing this morning, for my heart is heavy."

The sickness of the heart is a disease which never failed to excite my grandfather's compassion: he knows how to pity because he feels for others, and John's allusion to sorrow diffused in a moment a shade of seriousness over his face. The poor old gardener saw that he had distressed his master, and hastened to offer such relief as a full relation of his case could afford.

"My daughter, sir,—"

"Poh! poh! forget her, the baggage."

"I wish I could, sir; I had hoped she was dead, but—"

"But has anything worse happened?"

"No, sir,—yes, sir, she returned home last night."

This information awakened my curiosity, and I became more than usually attentive to their conversation. From my infancy I had heard the name of Ellen Homely mentioned under circumstances which could not fail to excite the utmost interest in my girlish mind. The servants always spoke mysteriously of her, the old gardener sighed deeply whenever she happened to be mentioned, and my uncle commanded instant silence whenever her story was alluded to. I was, therefore, necessarily anxious to know who and what Ellen was, but it was not until I escaped from the giddiness of childhood that I learned the particulars of her sad history.

Ellen was a village beauty: her parents had only herself; and her mother, vain of her daughter, filled her head with extravagant ideas of the value of a pretty face. She was of opinion, poor foolish woman, that so much grace and perfection were worthy of some one more capable of appreciating them than the rude bachelors of the hamlet, and Ellen was not slow to give admission to notions which flattered her personal vanity. Beauty is so intimately connected with goodness and virtue, that we cannot fancy the existence of either in its absence, or believe that they can be wanting where it is to be found. Ellen was known to be a rustic coquette, but no one seemed inclined to condemn her for her inconstancy: if a fault was hinted at, they looked at her face and forgot the accusation. Thus privileged to offend with impunity,

JULY, 1829.

F

Ellen was a very tyrant in affairs of the heart, but in the common intercourse of life her natural goodness rendered her amiable and beloved. My grandfather held her in high esteem: he undertook on several occasions to give her advice, and promised to be her friend as long as she merited his good opinion.

When Ellen had attained her twentieth year it was observed that her spirits were no longer buoyant; the roses left her cheeks, her eyes lost their lustre, and her manners were entirely altered. She came abroad but seldom, and then in a slovenly manner, very different from her wonted custom; it was obvious that she was not ambitious of further conquests. The tongue of slander was soon busy in whispering away her reputation, and dubious friends were known to hint at the probability of her having forgotten that respect which woman owes herself. Her constant seclusion and altered appearance tended to confirm these suspicions. Alas! these suspicions were but too well founded.

One morning, in the decline of autumn, the body of an infant was discovered concealed in a willow grove on my grandfather's domain. Such an event created in the secluded village extreme surprise: its annals had never been stained with the crime of infanticide; and all seemed eager to remove from their door so foul a charge. My grandfather, being the only magistrate within several miles, was instantly summoned by his tenantry to the spot. He lost no time in investigating the affair, and was struck with horror when it was hinted that the daughter of his own gardener had perpetrated child-murder. Ellen was taken instantly into custody, and brought to my grandfather's house. The housekeeper, who witnessed the scene, describes her as trembling with agitation, her lips pallid, and her eyes red with weeping. My grandfather wept too, and, willing to spare the feelings of a wretched creature who might be innocent, he handed her into the back parlour and closed the door behind him. Ellen, who revered and loved him, was, in his presence, above all disguise. "I am," said she, "a guilty thing, but yet not quite the monster which you would believe."

"Unhappy creature," said my grandfather, "then you have destroyed your own offspring—"

"No, no," she interrupted, "I could not have done that—I did not do that—but—" And she paused, her tears fell faster on her cheek, and her agitation became more intense. Her sobs were convulsive, but she endeavoured to suppress them, and proceeded. "You, sir, are good, and will believe me,—I did not murder *my* child."

"Then who did it?"

"I know not. At three o'clock this morning I delivered it into the hands of—of—its father, who promised to get it nursed in secret for me :—Oh!" she ejaculated, "sure he has not deceived me!"

"He has," said my grandfather, pacing the room, "and he must be punished. Who is he?"

For this startling question Ellen was not prepared. My grandfather, however, pressed for an answer, and would take no excuse : but when she pronounced the name of "George Winterton," he became himself an object of pity. George was his ward, and had lived under his roof from childhood. He was a wild young man, but still by no means decidedly vicious until his entrance into college. He was now keeping his vacation at Dovedale, and had contrived to deceive the rose of the village. My grandfather was, by this information, placed in a cruel situation : of George's guilt he had no doubt whatever, and then the consequence—ignominy—the gallows! Could he see his ward—the son of his friend—tried, condemned, and executed like a common felon?

He sent for the young man : Ellen's story could not be refuted : and, when he saw no possibility of denying it, he affected to treat the whole with ridicule. This aroused the anger of his guardian, but George was irreclaimable. "Hang me if you like," said he, with great indifference, "if not, open this window, give me the key of the back garden-door, and Ellen and I will quit Dovedale for ever."

Far be it from me to charge my grandfather with partiality in his magisterial duties, but the truth is, George and the creature he had ruined made their escape, and the first news my grandfather learned of his ward was, under all the circumstances, consolatory—he fell in the field of battle, undistinguished from the vulgar carnage about him. Ellen had concealed herself in the animated wildernesses of London. Vicious, however, she has not been ; but, worn down with remorse and premature decay, she has returned to ask pardon of her parents and her God, and die at home.

ELIZA.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

If an abundant issue of new novels could detain the fashionable world in town, we should hear no complaints of deserted parks and solitary streets this summer. Mr. Colburn, with a spirit which threatens to fatigue even the most inveterate readers of "the gentle tale," and overstock the shelves of circulating

libraries, seems determined that the publishing season shall no longer be limited to those few months during which statesmen make and amend laws, and dowagers choose to be "At Home,"—after ten o'clock at night. Like bees in Hindostan, we are bewildered amidst the abundant sweets which surround us; but, though much inclined to be pleased, we regret that the novels of the season are, with few exceptions, "talentless trash." We have never seen, during one revolving year, such a flood of nonsense poured upon the reading public, and we should protest more loudly against literary deceptions of this kind, were we not persuaded that it will eventuate in good. The novel-reader must grow more fastidious and select, and then we may hope to see less print and paper bestowed on absurd tales and silly stories.

We have said, however, that there are exceptions. Among these are "Tales of the Wars of our Times," by the author of "Recollections of the Peninsula," and "Geraldine of Desmond." The first is written in a style of great elegance, abounds with striking incidents, and betrays a correct taste and a comprehensive intellect. Captain Sherer served in Spain and Portugal: his former work shows that he has been an attentive observer, and the present volumes bespeak still higher powers. "Geraldine of Desmond" is of a different complexion: it is a story of other times in Ireland, and though very cleverly written, there is too much of antiquities and too little incident in it. The author could evidently do much better if he would contrive to render his historical research less obtrusive.

The same objection applies to "Lord Morear of Hereward," a novel in four volumes. The story appertains to the struggles which took place in this country subsequent to the Norman invasion. Hereward, a noble Saxon, was the Robin Hood of these times: his valour sustained the drooping courage of his countrymen, and his address baffled all the ingenuity of his adversaries. His history is full of incident of a very decided and interesting character, and the author of the work before us has fully availed himself of it; but not always with that tact which, in the hands of Sir Walter Scott, makes historical novels so agreeable.

"The School of Fashion" pretends to describe modern manners, but the author has mistaken personification of characters for the characters themselves; his *dramatis personæ* are ideal. Like too many of its cotemporaries, the work is devoid of plot, and wants incident. There are, however, here and there, short sketches highly finished, but, like angel visits, they are "few and far between."

To "catch the living manners as they rise" seems to be the great object contemplated by most of our modern novelists. Like the preceding work, "*D'Erbine, or the Cynic*," undertakes to be a picture of the fashionable world, and the author has evidently been an observer of what is called "high life." Some of the portraits are good, but the incidents are a little too romantic.

"*Jesuitism and Methodism*" hardly comes under the head of "novels," and yet it pretends to be a tale. Religion, however, being a subject which ought always to be approached with respect, we question the propriety of discussing the merits of any creed in a work of fiction. The present work is decidedly a failure.

Amongst the most valuable of the new books published during the preceding month are "*Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*," "*Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, to several individuals of the time of Charles II. &c.*" and "*Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, by the late Rev. Archdeacon Coxe.*" The first details the incidents of a life remarkable for its quiet happiness and domestic felicity. As a picture of the manners of former times it is valuable, but the absence of novel or stirring incidents leaves it uninteresting.

A Mr. Nathan, who happens to be an Israelite and a musical composer, has just favoured the world with "*Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron*," and a more reprehensible production we have never seen. The dead are libelled and the living insulted by this modern Orpheus; for he does not hesitate to print anecdotes and reminiscences remarkable for nothing but their offensive grossness. There, are, however, two original songs of Lord Byron in the book, and these form the only redeeming feature about it. One of these songs we extract.

"I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name—
There is grief in the sound—there were guilt in the fame;
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thought that dwells in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain—
We must part, we must fly, to unite it again.

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt;
Forgive me, adored one—forsake if thou wilt;
But the heart which I bear shall expire undebased,
And man shall not break it, whatever thou may'st.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than the world at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
 Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove ;
 And the heartless may wonder at all we resign,
 Thy lips shall reply not to them, but to mine."

Lord Mahon has published a volume of much historical value, entitled "The Life of Belisarius." His views of the eventful period when Belisarius flourished are clear, his research extensive, and his conclusions remarkable for philosophical accuracy. The book is a valuable addition to our histories of the Greek empire.

In the way of poetry we have had, during the month, "The Casket," and "The Poetical Sketch Book," &c. by Mr. Hervey. The first contains short contributions from some of the most eminent of our poets, and the second is the production of a highly gifted mind. The principal poem in the collection has long been popular, but many of the minor pieces are new.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.—NO. 11.

You are quite mistaken, my dear Julia, in supposing that London has been deserted. Bond Street is yet crowded, and the Park still exhibits its long string of splendid equipages. "Routs" and "At Homes" continue to banish ennui from the *beau monde*, and the account of them to fill the pages of that fashionable gazette, the "Morning Post." The parliament, however, has been prorogued, the weather is unusually sultry, and therefore it naturally follows that the metropolis will be left to those who cannot afford to seek health on the sea-shore, or security from the summer sun in the cooling shade of the country.

Things have begun to intimate the approach of that season when cherries ripen and the fashionable world migrate: the two patent theatres have been closed, and the Haymarket and English Opera House are open. At the first a new farce, from the pen of Mr. Poole, entitled, "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen," has been produced with great success. The performers are all old favourites.

Poor Terry is dead: he was only in his forty-seventh year; his widow is amply provided for, and is a distinguished artist. Her landscapes have been generally admired.

Malibran and Sontag have been exerting their "sweet voices" at various concerts during the month. The latter lady, a few nights since, had her benefit at the King's Theatre. It was splendidly attended, and she exerted herself to give—what all experienced—abundant satisfaction.

Several persons complain of the preference which is given at this house to the operatic compositions of Rossini; and the almost total exclusion of those of Mozart has been alleged as a proof of the degenerate taste of the *ton*. I do not pretend to decide how far this accusation is founded in justice; but the fact is, Mozart now fails to please; whenever an opera of his has been produced during the season, symptoms of fatigue have been manifested before the conclusion of the first act, and even the wonderful powers of Madame Malibran were unable to suppress that elongation of face which indicates anything rather than a sense of being delighted. Rossini is certainly the fashionable composer of the day: his operas have kept full possession of the stage for several years back, and though he may be pronounced less of a musical genius than Mozart, he understands dramatic effect better, and is therefore more popular. "Paul Pry," as a literary production, is very inferior to the tragedy of "Cato;" but who would listen to the soliloquies of the old Roman, provided he could get a glance of Liston's umbrella.

On Monday, the first of June, Vauxhall Gardens opened for the season, with new attractions. The managers of this very delightful place of entertainment seem determined to gratify their visitors; they have engaged for the season a number of favourite singers, introduced several brilliant transparencies, and, more than all, the company is treated to an Italian Opera very well performed. The fire-works are, as usual, attractive, and the place altogether is a very agreeable one for an evening's recreation. Such endeavours to please on the part of the proprietors cannot fail of ensuring success, and the weather, as yet, has thrown no *damp* upon their exertions.

Wishing to gratify you, I have paid another visit to the Exhibition, Royal Academy. The company on this day was as numerous as ever, and, what is more, they really appeared to be occupied with the only business which could bring them there. Westall, who paints so gracefully, has, No. 36, "A girl at a cottage door." Though, perhaps, not exactly true to nature, it is a sweet picture. Her air of simplicity accords well with the scene, and the management of the light and shade is remarkably happy. "The Meeting of Abraham's servant and Rebekah," No. 180, by W. Hilton, is redolent of patriarchal times; and "Milton's reconciliation with his wife," No. 207, by Boxall, is full of grace and feeling. "Portrait of a young lady," No. 459, by J. Simpson, is a highly finished painting. Mr. Simpson is a

rising artist, and must, if he be wise, attain eminence as a portrait-painter.

"Brigands disputing the spoils of their victim," No. 454, by Collins, is a masterly production. The wild ruffianly air of the robbers is in perfect keeping with the scene—rugged and uncultivated. They fight with that strong hatred which even thieves can feel towards each other, and though the dispute is deadly, we cannot sympathize with the actors—their destruction of each other has nothing repulsive in it.

The British Institution is now open; it contains one hundred and ninety-four paintings belonging to the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools. Of these his majesty has contributed thirteen, W. Wells, Esq. nine, and various other individuals have lent the remainder. Their liberality in thus depriving themselves, for a time, of these works of art deserves every praise; and the number which has been contributed is a proof that works of art abound in this country. The productions of art, like French milliners and Italian dancers, are attracted by wealth.

The Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours closed on Saturday last, and I fear was not quite as successful as the admirers of the arts could wish. Many of the sketches were beautiful. "The Gleaners," by S. Austin, pleased me much, and some of the landscapes were excellent. "Calais Pier," by D. Cox, was a beautiful representation of a very picturesque and animated scene.

The Diorama pleased me much: the view of St. Peter's is magnificent and grand, but that of the village of Thiers is far more natural.

Yours, &c.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of sage-leaf-green gros de Naples, with a broad hem round the border of the skirt, surmounted by a bias fold, which, being carried up each side of the dress in front, forms an appearance of a tunic robe. The sleeves are *en Mameluke*, but not quite so wide as formerly. A fichu-pelerine, of fine plain India muslin, constitutes the out-door appendage to this dress: it is edged round by two rows of lace: ruffles are worn at the wrists of the sleeves; they are double, and of fine lace. The bonnet is of Cerulean-blue gros-de-Naples, trimmed with ribands and esprits of the same colour, and white blond. The parasol is the same colour as the dress.





WALKING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR JULY 1829

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *crêpe-lisse* over white satin, with a broad hem at the border, finished in points at the head; the points trimmed with narrow blond; and beneath the blond a rouleau of pink satin; under these ornaments is another in raised leaves of white satin. The corsage is *à la Sevigné*, with a girandole brooch in the centre of the drapery in front; this brooch is of white agate, with the drops in a pear form. A dress hat of pink satin constitutes the *coiffure*; under the brim, on the left side, is a rosette of white satin riband, and under the right, a small, drooping white feather; an elegant white plumage plays gracefully over the crown and part of the brim.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The families which at the middle and latter end of June continued their residence in London, were those the most exalted and distinguished in the fashionable world. The Opera, Vauxhall, and other public spectacles, with the splendid parties given by our sovereign, the princes, and the nobility, imparted a gratified animation to the inhabitants of our justly-renowned metropolis; while concerts, both public and private, and dinners of ceremony, afforded, each in their turn, a brilliant spectacle of all that was elegant, superb, and fashionable in female attire.

The dresses still continue to be made with the sleeves so capacious, that they are truly ridiculous, and obscure all the beauty of the figure. The body is frequently concealed entirely by a white canezou spencer, which is a favourite addition to all dresses, as much for the home as for the out-door costume. Stomachers, however, form a favourite finish to the bodice of dinner dresses, and also to those for the evening party; these bodices all lace or button behind. White lace dresses over white satin are much in favour for young people, at evening visits of ceremony; and summer satins, or gros-de-Naples, of light colours, with broad flounces of white blond, are frequently seen on married ladies. A dress for *demi-parure* was much admired, lately, at a friendly party: it was of a very superior kind of gros-de-Naples, of a slate-colour, having a light tinge of lavender: it was trimmed round the border by two broad flounces; and the corsage was in the Gallo-Greek style; the sleeves were wide, but not so immoderate as many of the present day. At the wrists they were terminated by a coronet cuff. The dress was only partially low, and a double pelerine collar was worn over it of fine India muslin, most superbly embroidered in feather-stitch and open work.

Coloured muslins, both striped and plain, are very prevalent in home costume ; they are often ornamented across the bust with a broad riband, the most prevailing colour in the stripes, and a belt, of the same kind of riband, fastens in front by a gold buckle. White dresses increase daily in favour, and are worn in every different style of *parure*.

A white muslin canezou spencer, over a petticoat of coloured gros de Naples, is a dress for the promenade, as much prevailing as it has been for the last three years ; but they are generally now, as they ought to be, confined to the very young. The new pelisses are open in front, and this is a fashion quite appropriate to the summer ; the sleeves are enormously wide. Scarfs, of Cashmere gauze, are the sole out-door addition to a high dress, and they are merely throat-scarfs ; though they are more ornamental than useful, yet they give a beautiful finish to a dress. Scarfs of white lace are seen in carriages, at Vauxhall, and occasionally have appeared at the Opera and the theatres.

The hats are of fluted silk, and fly rather too much off the face, having the appearance of being entirely at the back of the head ; they are of light and unobtrusive colours, and are elegantly ornamented in scrolls and *en bateaux*, of the same material which composes the hat : they tie very tastefully under the chin on the left side, by a bow, and two long ends of white satin riband. Bonnets of slate-coloured gros de Naples, trimmed with blue satin riband, are much worn in walking costume ; but the favourite morning bonnet is of Dunstable, trimmed and lined with satin. The riband is always the same colour as the lining, or striped and shaded to suit. Leghorn hats do not prevail so much as they did last summer ; they are more trimmed than either the straw or Dunstable bonnets, and have frequently a few flowers added to their ornaments, which consist more of loops of riband than bows. Under every kind of hat is worn either a small cornette, or a *mentonnière* of blond ; when the hat is fastened down with the latter, the strings generally float loose.

Turbans, of richly striped gauze, are more worn in half-dress and in home attire than caps ; they are large and wide, but not unbecoming ; the blond caps differ nothing in shape and style of trimming to those so much in favour last month. A dress hat of pink crape, with a very full plumage of the same colour, was much admired a few evenings ago at a splendid dress party. The toques and berets have open crowns, and are chiefly of coloured crape. White crape, spotted with silver, is a favourite material for dress turbans. Diamonds and ostrich feathers con-





PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS. MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR JULY, 1829.

stituted the chief head-dresses at the late magnificent parties given at court.

The most admired colours are slate, Navarin-blue, pink, Chinese-green, fawn-colour, and lilac.

Bodes de Paris.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A dress of very pale lilac gros de Naples, with a very broad hem round the border of the skirt, over which is embroidered, in white floize silk, a wreath of vine-leaves. A muslin canezou spencer is worn with this dress, with sleeves *à l'imbecille*, confined at the wrists by broad bracelets of green and gold enamel. A triple ruff of fine lace encircles the throat. The hat is of white silk or chip, and is ornamented with white gauze ribands, and white marabout feathers.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A dress of gros de Naples, with a white ground, on which are very large chequers of mignonet-leaf-green. Canezou spencer, of white muslin, with sleeves *à la Mameluke*, with pleated cuffs, and ruffles of lace. Across the bust are stripes of lace let in, and a full double ruff of lace surrounds the throat. The hat is of white crape, and is ornamented with green and white riband, blue-bells, and full-blown Chinese roses. The parasol is figured, on a white ground, in green stripes of chain-work.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN JUNE, 1829.

At the theatre Favart, where a German company of players have been lately performing, were remarked several caps *à la fiancée*, in blond, ornamented with field flowers and puffs of gauze riband, with satin stripes: the lappets, which floated loose, were of broad blond. A lady had on one of these caps a tuft of flowers, consisting of a garden-daisy, a few half-opening roses, and some sprigs of lilies of the valley. Young persons wore their hair without any ornament; they had tortoise-shell combs; the bows of hair, which were so lightly dressed that they appeared transparent, were much elevated. Some ladies wore flat and very large bérêts of Swedish-blue crape, with two birds of Paradise crossing each other. Some dress-hats, of white satin or of coloured crape, were ornamented with long willow feathers. The dress-hats were placed very backward. A hat of white chip has appeared, with six green feathers placed in stages one above the other. The Grenada-toque has an open crown, and is ornamented with white ostrich feathers; and a toque of cherry-coloured gauze, with gold interwoven, has been presented, among

other gifts, to a newly-married lady. It is fashionable at the theatres to wear small caps, the crowns of which are formed in a net-work by rouleaux of satin. The front is made of gauze ribands, cut in leaves, which are placed in wreaths, without any blond being introduced.

High dresses are expected to be very general for summer wear in the country: plain bodies are most fashionable. The French have given a very appropriate name to the long sleeves now worn; they call them sleeves *à l'imbecille*; and, indeed, their appearance is imbecile enough. Chantilly lace dresses, figured *en colonnes*, are much admired at evening parties; they appear to great advantage over pink satin. There is nothing new in the make of dresses. Dresses of Cashmere gauze, of oriental green, embroidered in silk of the same colour, though in different shades, are trimmed with flounces cut in sharp points. At a fête extraordinary lately given at Tivoli, a lady wore a dress of clear muslin of a nankin colour, with Chinese designs in stripes; the sleeves were *à l'imbecille*, with deep ruffles of embroidered tulle, and a pelerine to correspond. The dress was bordered by two flounces. She had a scarf, named a *printanière*, with a white ground, and flowers embroidered on it of coloured silk. Short sleeves for full dress are very large, and *en béret*, and the bodies are very much cut away from the back and shoulders. Batiste dresses, of a white ground, embroidered in a pattern of different colours, are much admired, and are very pretty wear for the summer.

Flowers and feathers form the favourite ornaments on Leghorn hats; these are placed in front of the crown: sometimes they are trimmed with ribands of blond-gauze, the colours ponceau and Chinese-green, with branches of the winter-cherry; on one hat so trimmed was seen, on the summit of the crown, a tom-tit perched, picking at one of the cherries. Hats of gros de Naples are trimmed with blond and a profusion of flowers. Very large straw bonnets are worn at morning walks in the country by young persons; they tie close down, and have no other trimming than what is formed by the band and strings, which are usually of broad riband.

In the out-door costume there is little new, except a new kind of shawl, called *Moresco-Cashmere*; the ground is of two or three different colours, and at each corner is a bouquet of flowers; these shawls are five quarters square.

The colours most in favour are Chinese-green, pink, Navarin-blue, lilac, and *Oiseau-de-Paradis*.





VINCENZO MONTI.

Engraved by R. Cooper - from a Picture by La. Rados.

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